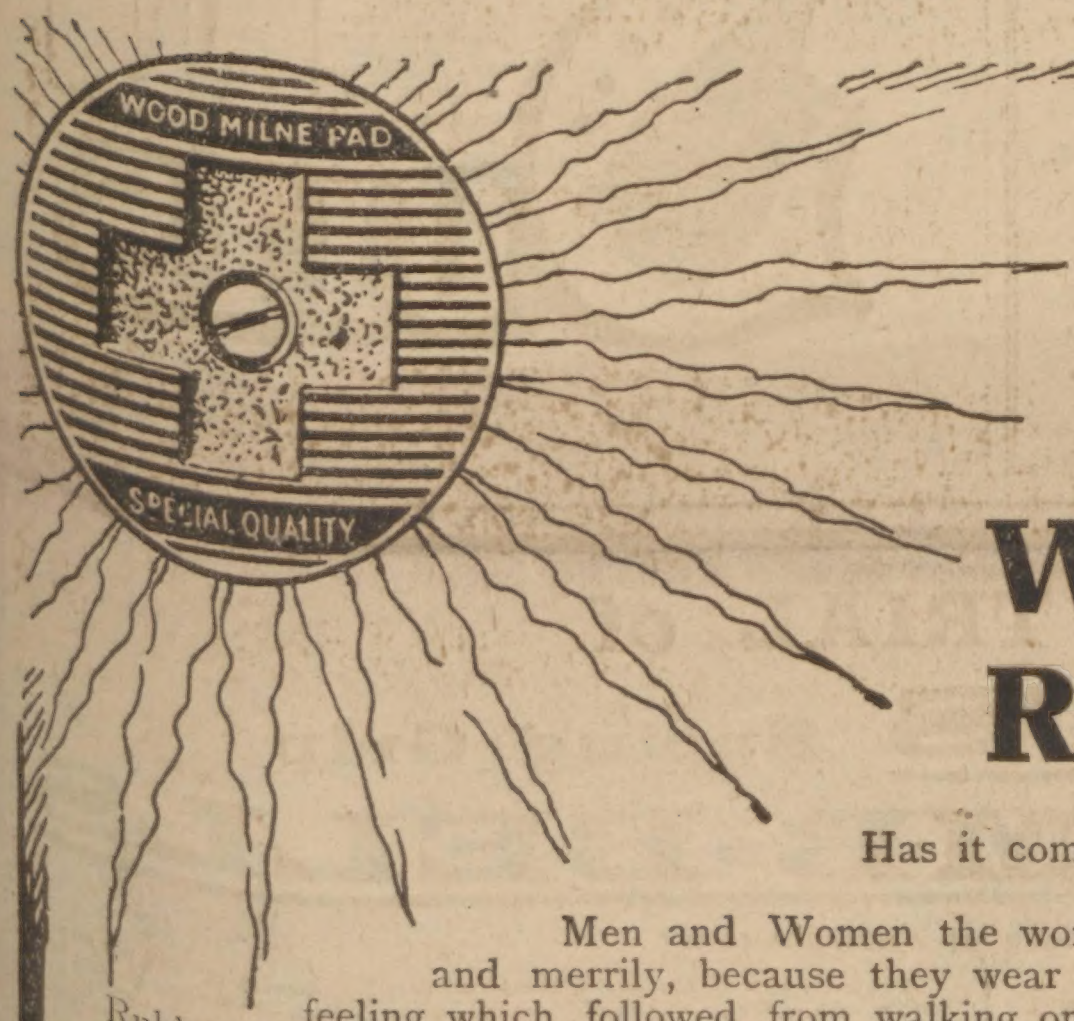
THE PAPER TO TAKE INTO CAMP.

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 39. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING JULY 31, 1909. ONE PENNY.



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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 39. WEEK ENDING JULY 31ST, 1909. ONE PENNY.

TACT.

SO FAR AS IT CONCERNS A MAN.

A tactful man is always a clever man. I do not mean to say that he is necessarily of great intellectual attainments or powers. Indeed, your genius is rarely tactful, because he is, as a rule, too self-centred, too self-absorbed to think of anyone but himself, or to pay attention to the amenities of social intercourse.

But the tactful man has excellent qualities of head. He has quick perception, common-sense, a wide knowledge of human nature, sound judgment, and, usually, a retentive memory.

He has also good qualities of heart, being naturally sympathetic, kindly, and delicate in feeling.

At the same time, I think tact can be acquired by taking thought, and it is more than worth the trouble, for in practically any walk of life tact makes for success and popularity.

How can I learn tact, you may ask?

Well, to begin with, tact is largely a matter of using and developing your powers of observation.

The tactful man will almost instantaneously perceive when there is social trouble brewing. He will know, in fact, almost instinctively feel, when conversation is taking a dangerous turn and will tactfully head off the blunderer; or if he himself makes a false step, he will be instantly conscious of his error.

It is just a matter of patiently studying not only faces, but voices. From the merest shade of a change in the expression of the face, or in the tone of the voice of the person with whom he is conversing, he will perceive that he has said something unfortunate or introduced a distasteful topic.

You may say that a tactful man should not make mistakes. A tactful man is no more pert than any other man. It is impossible to avoid putting your foot in it sometimes. But what does the tactless man do in such a case? He makes his error worse by showing that he is conscious of it, perhaps he is even guilty of the enormity of apologising for it.

The tactful man pretends to be unconscious of his offence. He argues this way: "I know I have hurt Blank's feelings, but he knows I didn't mean it, and, being a decent chap, he feels sorry for me. I'll pretend not to notice anything and thus spare his feelings as well as my own," and with that mental decision he skilfully glides away from the subject.

The tactless brute, on the contrary, having re-opened, say, some family sore, stops short and apologises, thus calling everyone's attention to the victim's wound and pouring vinegar into it.

To remind people of misfortune or follies they would rather forget; to praise the work or deeds of a man's rival to his disappointed competitor; to introduce political, religious or highly controversial questions at purely social gatherings; to notice little faults or shortcomings in your host's menage—all these are acts of utter tactlessness.

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OLIVER STOKES.

CHEEK.

"What does the Sergeant-Major shock so?
The Man who thinks his horse an ox-o."
(Contributor has been slain.—ED.)

* * * * * * *

The papers just now are full of Naval Base rumours. Recently it was base Naval rumours.

* * * * * * *

A Motor Cycle Corps is being formed in London, and the Adjutant thereof will ask the War Office to supply arms and ammunition. Policemen with antiquated ideas about speed limits, etc., are advised to mind their p's and c's.

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Official March: "The Motor Cyclists' P'trol."

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"The race is not always to the Swift," as the pavement plunger ruminates when the dear old "Dean" gets whacked at Epsom.

* * * * * * *

A sarcastic Shavian has suggested that Mr. G. B. Shaw should circumvent the censor by eliminating the plots from his plays and turning them into musical comedies. Couldn't be done without the ban(ne)d parts, could it?

* * * * * * *

Hearing that there are some fine Whistlers at South Kensington, our charlady says they must be good if they can beat the gallery first-nighters from Mile End way.

* * * * * * *

A theatrical paper says that a leading musical comedy lady has now "gone off" ("the stage," understood). Certain vapid youths who consider themselves beauty experts, say she has been "going off" for some time.

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Churchill," says a graphic Parliamentary report, "replied with a stinger." So Winston has taken up the pet wasp craze at last.

* * * * * * *

"Life," runs the old saying. "is not all beer and skittles"—which is a good thing, seeing that even our cup of bitter-ness is taxed another ha'penny.

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Sixty free and independent citizens of the United States were killed and two hundred others injured during the Fourth of July Celebrations. We don't enthuse like that over Empire Day.

* * * * * * *

A weekly periodical that details a lot of useless information, says that on an island in the Pacific the women outnumber the men at a ratio of sixteen to one. *This* cannot be "the island where girls are few," mentioned by Mr. Wilkie Bard.

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"Suffragette sentries" have again been on duty outside the Houses of Parliament. Well, they aren't the sort *we* should call to "arms."

* * * * * * *

A lady went to law recently over a £52 Pekinese puppy which had "too much nose." The young pups we know Piccadilly way have too much neck.

J. B. PONDERS.

AMONG THE TREES.

A HOLIDAY SKETCH.

For four short hours I have known unalloyed enjoyment, revelling in a multitude of delicious sensations that have played aross my feelings like the wind sweeping in gentle waves across a field of growing corn.

I have been lying full length upon a soft carpet of grass, against the mighty, moss-scented trunk of a felled oak tree in a wood that lies a dozen miles from anywhere, my sole companion a bronzed and cunning hurdle-maker who spends his time out here almost all the year round, fashioning the hurdles out of supple hazel rods.

The sun beats down with comforting warmth upon my limbs. It draws the sweetness from tree and flower and earth, and gives the air a fragrance unknown in towns.

Behind me lies a dense forest of green larches, and the wind makes music in their pointed tops; while from the deep recesses of the wood comes the soothing call of pigeons.

A buzz of many bees passing from flower to flower fills the air with a trembling hum of life.

The hurdle-maker works on contentedly, and presently we fall into desultory conversation as befits the time and place. His father was a hurdle-maker before him, he tells me, and he has six brothers, scattered up and down the country, all of them making hurdles.

He is scarcely thirty by the look of his frame. He is brown, hardy, clean-shaven, and full of a quiet humorous contentment. To watch him using the small axe and the cleaving hatchet as he prepares the framework of the hurdle, makes one marvel at the skill that lives in the hard and knotted hands of peasants.

They are a hardy race, these country folk; and as I lie amid the quiet of the trees I think I feel something of the charm that binds them to the land. He speaks of the town—even of the little market town near by, a place of fewer than a thousand people—as a place of unrest and therefore of unhappiness.

The city is a thing unknown to him.

In all his conversation there is an undercurrent of prudence, not entirely free from suspicion. The countryman objects, quite naturally, to be questioned directly by some obviously town-bred stranger who appears to regard him as a "specimen" to be examined and dissected by a running fire of inquiry. And thus it happens that all his answers are vague and not to the point.

He is unconsciously asserting his equality of manhood even though he has not the polish of the city, and only when he finds his strange visitor has sympathy and tact will he open his mind freely and talk without reserve. I have an intense admiration for such men as these who work out their lives in quiet corners of the world. They are born with the love of Nature deeply implanted in their characters, and they retain the old virility that has made England secure.

C. EASTON-GREY.

My Cigarette Case.

AND THE MEN WHO HAVE PARTAKEN OF ITS CONTENTS.

It is a handsome affair of heavy silver. It was given to me on my eighteenth birthday by an aunt.

From the moment of its first possession, it led me into considerable extravagance. It seemed absurd to store away ordinary packet Virginia cigarettes in such a costly envelope, and so I took to smoking Turkish, at a penny a-piece.

The additional drain on my pocket was due not only to the enhanced quality of my smokes, but also to the fact that I was keener than ever on saying "Have one" to all and sundry, in order that I might exhibit the case.

I treasured that cigarette case as a youngster does his first watch.

I remember the man who was the first to help himself out of it.

At that age my thoughts had not turned to girls, and masculine chumship was everything to me. We used to go swimming together, and once I was nearly drowned and he got me into shallow water. We would have done anything for one another.

I offered him a cigarette, without saying anything at all about the case. He was not a bit jealous, but at once congratulated me on the beauty of the thing, and I was very pleased.

A MEMENTO OF FRIENDSHIP.

That was long years ago. I have left that part of the country and come to London, and he and I have lost touch with one another, for neither of us is a good correspondent, but all the same I believe that sometimes, if he is still alive, he looks back upon the old days when we were both revelling in the first sensations of manhood, and I wonder if he possesses anything that brings me to his memory.

For my own part I have something that always recalls him to my mind. Across each half of the case, runs a dark blue elastic band, with a bit of metal at each end of it to fit into a socket. The end of one band was sticking a little out of its fastening, and he warned me that I had better open out the metal and fix it more securely, as otherwise it might give way. I did not do so, and that elastic band is now exactly as it was then. There are two or three little blue threads projecting at the edge of the metal rim, and I would not have them altered for the world, for they remind me of him.

I imagine that in the years that have passed over a hundred different men have sampled the contents of my cigarette case, but it is very few of them that I remember because of it; if I want to recall them, I have to think of some other reminder. But there are a few whom the cigarette case will always bring to my memory, when I look at it and examine it closely.

A DENT THAT WILL REMAIN.

On the convex side of it, just above the shield that bears my initials, there is a small dent which I have never attempted to remove, and which I never shall. That dent was the result of a blow.

The man who delivered it was then little more than an acquaintance. We met in the usual way because we had friends in common, and one night we quarrelled—it does not matter now what we quarrelled about, but we fought—fought like fury.

My head was sore for a couple of days afterwards, and he confessed to having many bruises which one could not see, besides a black eye which was evident to all.

The dent in my cigarette case appeared for the first time after that fight, and could only have been due to a blow which he had delivered over the pocket in which the case reposed.

That fight made us the staunchest of friends, as many a fight has done before it. We are friends to-day, for luckily we have never lost touch with one another, and as I look at my case the little dent brings back a happy memory.

I am looking at my case now, and more particularly at my own initials, which are engraved on the front of it. They also recall a man who has sampled its wares.

I am not likely to forget my first meeting with him. He seemed to me a demi-god, all that a man should be, to be the possessor of all the qualities which I lacked, and which I longed to possess.

I recall him because when he helped himself from my case, he turned it over in his hand and remarked that my initials reversed were exactly his own, and that, if I had only used a monogram instead of having the initials cut separately, he might very well have sworn that the case was his.

LENDING MONEY——

I laughed at this as a good jest. If I had been a little older in the ways of the world, it might have struck me that there was an unhappy suggestion implied. To have supposed that he intended to steal that case would have been ridiculous, but yet I think now that I ought to have taken warning from his remark, but one is always wise after the event.

One day he came to me and asked for the loan of what was to me a very large sum of money. I was honoured by his singling me out from amongst his friends and, believing what he told me concerning a bank draft that was on its way to him, I got the money together by hook or by crook and handed it to him with pleasure.

That loan all but spelt my ruin.

He had promised to repay it the next day, but he has not paid it yet, nor any part of it.

I took his word as gospel, and counted upon the money being returned, as certainly as I counted on the small balance which lay at my bankers. But the money never came. He made excuses, and he *lied*. I found out that, far from a bank draft being on its way, he did not possess a banking account at all.

——AND LOSING A FRIEND.

The fight through that difficulty was one of the toughest of my life. I could not afford to do without this money, but somehow or another I pulled through.

I had already explained to him my circumstances, and he knew that I could not afford to be without it. Therefore I could only consider that his conduct in misrepresenting things to me and jeopardising my business, was of the cruellest description.

He was a false friend, and possibly I was well rid of him at the price, although it was a heavy one.

As I look at my case I can recall other men who have handled it, but these three are enough for the moment, for they are typical of men in general, representative of good and bad, and I think that the proportion in which I have selected them is about right, two good to one bad.

T. F. MATTHEWS.

YOUR REQUIREMENTS SATISFIED.

You know exactly what you want, but it occasionally happens that you are puzzled as to the simplest way to get it. This matter is now made easy, for by an advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page you are brought into touch with sportsmen of exactly the same type as yourself; they have what you require, or they require what you are wishing to sell.

You are doing one another a mutual benefit, and your advertisement need not cost more than one shilling.

Turn to the third page of the cover for full particulars.

MALE EMOTIONS.

I. FEAR.

The fallacy that cowardice and fear are one and the same thing has, I think, been given its quietus long ago. Cowardice is invariably contemptible; fear can be, and often is, as noble an emotion as ever stirs mankind.

A little consideration will convince anyone that the way to understand a man's personality is not by studying his intellectual abilities, by estimating his brain power, or by paying much attention to the opinions he expresses, but by closely observing his capacity for emotion.

Cold and calculating temperaments are seldom trustworthy, and as seldom loyal. Where the emotions are all but absent from an individual's composition, the wise man gives that individual a wide berth. Without sympathy, love, kindliness, and fear to fill the human frame, it is nothing but a shell.

Within a few words it is impossible to analyse closely all the emotions of mankind, but of these all fear is probably the most powerful. In the theatre of our lives it is frequently playing the leading part, and the whole scheme of things is subservient to its influence.

Fear acts upon the mind in a manner almost identical with that of the nervous system on the brain. When we are conscious of pain—physical pain—it is because some portion of the nervous system is damaged, and, physical pain being unpleasant, the brain instinctively takes steps to heal the hurt and also to prevent a repetition of it. In other words, pain is a danger signal.

When we are conscious of fear, the mind anticipates danger and is therefore on guard.

You will sometimes come across a man who has a small business of his own which is threatened with financial disaster. Fear makes that man sit down and bring to bear upon his difficulties all the forces of his mind. Should the difficulties appal him, then cowardice has ensued, and he will probably end in being a bankrupt. But if he is a man of strength he will only feel that he will prove a coward.

As a matter of fact, there is no virtue in courage unless it has been prefaced by fear.

In battle, for instance, the man who knows no fear is useless. He will indulge in foolhardy recklessness, but he will be destitute of initiative, forethought, and caution—the three qualities that constitute a soldier.

How common a thing it is for a man to enter into a fight, fearful of his adversary, but so much more fearful that the onlookers will think him a coward, that he fights with multiplied fury.

His body is instinctively rebelling against the punishment in store for it; that is what creates the first fear.

His mind commands that the body shall suffer rather than itself, having fear of earning the epithet of coward.

Thus by a combination of physical and mental fear you get a display of bravery. Bravery is nothing but the subjugation of fear.

And how can the emotion of fear express itself nobly? In one way only. That is when danger threatens one that we love. A man may fear death, pain, disgrace, failure, and many more things, but there is nothing so potent to rouse him as fear for one whom he loves.

Properly understood, then, by fear we gain strength. It is the developer of our moral muscularity, our mental nerve system.

It is more. Deeply embedded in the nature of each one of us is a fear of God. No man needs to be ashamed of that truth. Fear of God makes a man hate the thought of ignoble deeds. He is wary of the ambushes that imperil his manhood. That fear makes him afraid that he will fall short of the possibilities for brave things within him. He does not dread anything but cowardice, and thus is pride born.

By being too proud to be a coward, a man proves that his emotion of fear is alive.

Let it live, a weapon of defence. *C. Wolfe.*

WHAFFLES, THE WHIPPET

A SPORTING SKETCH.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

It was the owner of Whaffles, the whippet, who induced me to attend the "Straight Running Meeting" of the Market Malvery Whippet and Terrier Club.

Now, there was no undue pride about the owner of Whaffles, the whippet. Unlike other owners I have met in the sporting world, Harry Topps, Whaffles' owner, drank mild beer for choice, and smoked cutty plug for preference. We did not drive to the course in a taxi-cab, but we picked up several friends *en route*, cheery good natured men who had dainty-cloaked whippets straining at the lead, and the hands that held the strands were chipped and hardened with toil. Nevertheless—someone at home, wife or daughter, had found time to sew a coloured edging to the dogs' cloaks, and work a monogram.

I soon found that I was with real sports, men who had no motive in training and running the whippets in their little spare time except for the sport, pure and simple. But, as I shall show, they were apt to take it all too keenly on occasion.

My friends' conversation consisted mainly of speculation as to possible winners of the races. Harry Topps openly fancied his fawn bitch, Whaffles, and confided to me that he hoped to bring off a little starting price coup with her to win a "dollar," or perhaps more over The Club Straight Running Handicap Race, 200 yds. The prizes were: winner, cup, 12s., and silver medallion; runner-up, 9s. Nothing of the opulence of racing about this!

I paid sixpence to go on to the course, which was a buttercup-carpeted field, and before I had strolled a dozen yards a familiar note struck me. It was a bookmaker shouting out the odds. A fatal fascination for race-courses having inured me to the metallicians' yells of "Take sixty pounds to forty!" I could not restrain a smile when the bookmaker shrieked out to my friend Topps: "Take six shillings to four!"

This was the betting over the first round of the Puppy Stakes, 120 yards distance. The stakes were: winner 4s. and special; runner-up 3s.

The field resounded to continued yelping and the weird long-drawn cry of the whippets that enviously watched two of their youthful acquaintances waiting to be slipped. The slippers, kneeling on the right knee, had their hands placed round the shoulders of the puppies, keeping their heads straight to the 120 yard distant winning post. The "top dog" was distinguished by a red collar, and the "bottom dog" by a white collar.

Then the owners came, and, patting the puppies' heads, shook at least a quarter of a white sheet in front of them. Whereat the whippets awaiting their turn, whined and yelped the more.

It was a moment of great excitement. I understood that in consequence of some opulent gentleman having invested seven-and-sixpence on the "top dog," the bookmaker had shortened the odds to "taking three to one."

Now the owners at the winning mark are waving the quartersheets. Crack! goes the pistol, and the puppies are off, but puppies are as wicked as racing two-year-olds, and possess all their vices. The "top dog" turned round, wondering where the noise had come from, and the outsider, better trained, won in a common canter by half the course. The "top dog" had been left at the post, and the gentleman who had invested 7s. 6d. on his chance said things.

I comforted him with a little anecdote of an owner who had a couple of thousand "on" a horse at S.P. and then had the questionable satisfaction of seeing the brute swing round when the tapes went up and gallop in an opposite direction.

I strolled with Mr. Topps into a roped-off enclosure, reserved for members and their friends. It was not without its sprinkling of the fair ones—fair ones in delaine, spotted blouses, creaky shoes, and really wonderfully trimmed hats. I have seen less startling confections at Kempton Park in the paddock.

Here it was the race meeting over again. Mysterious tips were whispered in my ear, and one gentleman went so far as to mark my card.

The bookmaker, standing on a lemonade bottle case, complained bitterly when there came a sequence of winning favourites. The "book" had lost 17s. and bankruptcy stared it in the face.

Mr. Topps' fawn bitch, Whaffles, was a pretty big order for the "big 'un," the bookmaker told me. He already stood to lose 35s. over her, and consequently had closed the book as far as she was concerned.

"What price Whaffles?" asked the gentleman who had lost the big stake of 7s. 6d. over the puppy.

"Not bettin' agin' her," replied the metallician firmly.

"There's a bookie for yer!" exclaimed the speculator.

"Well, I'll offer ye a price. There, I'll take seven bob to four she don't win the cup."

"You—you'd take a house!" exclaimed the speculator contemptuously.

Mr. Topps pointed out with great awe a fat inn-keeper who bred whippets, and had won courses "up North." It was in precisely the same manner that the present Lord Derby was shown to me at Kempton Park, by a "little" racing man.

Great honour was then our portion. Mr. Stroud, the whippet-breeding inn-keeper, came up and patted the delighted Whaffles on the clear cut little head of hers. He even deigned to ask Mr. Topps whether the bitch was "fit."

"She'll keep straight, sir," said Mr. Topps, "and win the final as easy as her first round!"

"I 'opes she will, Harry," observed Mr. Stroud encouragingly. "I said as 'ow she would make a fast 'un from a puppy. Good luck to you!"

The members in the enclosure turned their gaze on us. Mr. Stroud's conversation was of the sort that can be heard at either end of a corridor train. Invisible haloes encircled us. Mr. Stroud walked off pompously, and Mr. Topps tugged at Whaffles' leash with a highly important air.

Then I realised that this was indeed the poor man's own sport as racing is the rich man's. Mr. Jorrocks, the immortal, always said that "Huntin' is the image of war, with only five-and twenty per cent. of its danger." Similarly, whippet racing is the image of horse-racing, with considerably less than one per cent. of its expenses.

Somebody rang the bell for the first round of the "Cup." Whereupon Whaffles' owner extracted a flask from his pocket, and, deftly opening the bitch's jaws, poured a mixture of milk, sherry, and beaten yolks of eggs down her pink little throat.

He took off her blue and yellow edged cloak with as much reverence as trainers remove coroneted cloths from racing thoroughbreds. Then there was the mystery of weighing to be gone through, upon which depended the Field Committee's verbal handicap.

Whaffles was drawn against a brindled bitch named Lady Betty. He was "bottom dog," but a careless steward put a red instead of a white collar on her—at least so it appeared afterwards.

Again the pistol cracked. Whaffles caught her opponent in fine style, beat her ten yards at least—and up went the red flag near the winning post. Lady Betty, according to this, had won!

"Lady Betty!" came the yell from the spectators.

"What the —— next!" exclaimed the heated Mr. Topps, sheet in hand. "My bitch won by yards!"

"Look at the red flag," said the owner of Lady Betty triumphantly.

"It's the flag you'll be puttin' up presently on your nose, if you can't be a sport!" said Mr. Topps menacingly, as they faced each other on the winning mark.

The owner of Lady Betty asked who was going to help Mr. Topps in case of hostilities. Whereupon it took half the Field Committee to keep them apart.

Explanations ensued. The steward confessed to his mistake. The judge affirmed the fawn bitch had won, and Mr. Topps promptly stood the owner of Lady Betty a bottle of ginger ale in the refreshment tent. Peace reigned again.

Mr. Stroud congratulated Mr. Topps with a patronising nod, and several ladies had their desire to pat the sharp-nosed, aristocratic-looking little bitch, gratified.

Whaffles got through the second round with corresponding ease.

"Oh, it's a doddle for Whaffles!" said the bookmaker miserably when the final was called on.

Mr. Topps left me and went to see about slipping the bitch, his face pink with excitement and wet with perspiration. He spent five minutes explaining to the slipper precisely the best way to hold her head. He had donned a white coat which he had taught Whaffles to run to from her puppy-hood. He walked backwards to the winning mark, waving his quarter sheet and calling encouragingly to her.

A black dog was her opponent, and his owner employed various coaxing methods also.

Whaffles was straining in the hands of the slipper. Off! Off they literally jumped together. There was no fluking and crossing about this race. For a fraction of a second the red-collared black held the lead, but experts could see the fawn head drawing in front.

"Dead heat!" yelled the crowd.

"No! Whaffles for a dollar!" said the bookie sadly. Up went the white flag—and it was so! Whaffles was carried back, yelping triumphantly.

RIVER JOYS.

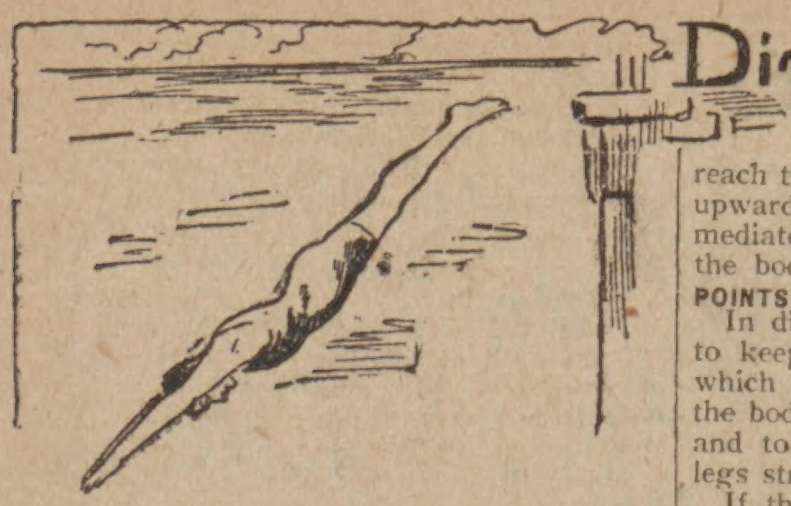
It is difficult to be on the river without enjoying yourself. It is just possible to be miserable in a boat, as when you are dutifully taking out friends of the family whom you do not care about. But with a little tact it is generally possible to avoid this kind of imposition, and the river is left as a place for your complete enjoyment.

To get into rowing togs and to take your place in an eight or in a sculler with outriggers, is to taste some of the intense pleasure of life.

You are at it whole hog in no time, and, before you know, the perspiration is breaking out in drops on every part of your skin. You keep it up wisely till you get back to the boathouse, and then when your craft has been stowed away, you return to the river, possibly with everything on—for your clothes could not be wetter—and in you plunge for a delicious swim.

You are satisfied with the exercise, satisfied and yet ready for a further dose when the next evening comes.

Diving



AN ART WHICH EVERY BATHER WANTS TO ACQUIRE.

There are few things that test a man's pluck so well as his first dive.

Those awful moments when he stood on the brink and, as the hymn has it, "feared to launch away," or wondered what it felt like to crack one's head on the bottom, are impressed on the mind of every diver, however expert he may be.

In diving, he who hesitates is lost, and the beginner who has the courage to walk straight up to the edge and go in somehow at once, has far more chance of progressing than the man who tries to screw his courage to the sticking point in sight of the water.

It is always the hitting of the head on the bottom that one fears, but what usually happens is quite different but just as painful.

I did once hit my head on the bottom, when in my early and irresponsible youth I took a tentative sort of dive into three feet of water in the shallow end of the local baths.

MY FIRST DIVE.

I heard a sound like the crack of doom as my head met the tiles; I felt a stunning blow on the top of my cranium; the water swirled before my eyes; I had a dim sort of feeling that my legs were waving wildly in the air above, but what did that matter? I should be drowned; my head was very much below water. It was sad to be cut off in the spring of life, but there was no help for it, and I resigned myself to an untimely end.

Then somehow my head got above water, and I found myself the right way up again.

As I regained my feet, I saw my chum sitting on the steps and laughing so hard that I feared he would fall off, and he might not have such a miraculous escape.

But the curious thing was that I felt no pain where my head had come into contact with the bottom, and not even a bump was perceptible, so that in spite of the terrific crash I heard and felt, I can barely have touched the tiles. And I suppose it did look rather funny.

The beginner, however, is more often troubled by the difficulty of reaching the water head-first, the result being extremely painful.

PLUCKY, BUT FOOLISH.

I remember one fellow whom several of us were anxious to teach to swim, in order that he might pass a certain test, but who preferred to spend most of his time at the baths in the attempt to dive.

He was fearless to the point of recklessness, and in spite of the fact that he could not swim, he would climb to one of the highest boards above the deep end, and then with a resounding, stinging splash, to quote the words of the poet Clough, himself a fine swimmer and diver:

"From a ten-foot height descended
Prone, as a quadruped prone, with hands and feet protending."

Then the strongest swimmer amongst us would haul him floundering to the bank, and he would cheerfully repeat the performance.

The only way to cure yourself of this tendency to reach the water flat, is to make up your mind to throw your feet up as you plunge. If you cannot do it otherwise, get someone to tip them up just as you spring, or put a bar, about eighteen inches high, in front of your legs.

In the plunge or header, which is not taken from any great height, the lungs should be filled with air, and the arms brought up in line with the shoulders only, and as you reach the water the back of the hands should be upwards, the wrists being depressed almost immediately after entering the water so as to bring the body to the surface at once.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

In diving, the great things to remember are to keep the head protected by the arms, for which purpose the latter must be in line with the body, and not pointing directly downwards, and to keep the small of the back in, and the legs straight.

If the legs be at an angle to the body, or if they be bent at the knee, so that the calf strikes the water flat, not only will the look of the dive be spoilt, but the legs will get stung up most unpleasantly.

The correct dive should be absolutely harmless and free from danger, whatever its height.

Experts will dive from enormous heights without hesitation and without even putting cotton wool in their ears—though the latter precaution is recommended to beginners.

Mr. K. P. Speedy, of Ohio, holds the record for the highest dive, having done 186 feet on one occasion. He can dive from a height of 130ft. into three feet of water, and then seldom wets the whole of his back.

BEGIN GRADUALLY.

Twenty feet will no doubt be as much as most of my readers will tackle, and there are few public baths that have boards of even that height.

Moreover, the boards in most baths are not nearly numerous enough. There should not be more than a foot between the height of any two of them, for high diving can only be learnt by degrees, and by increasing the height gradually.

The variety of fancy dives that are open to the expert is almost endless, and those who want to see diving at its best will find it at the National Graceful Diving Competition held annually by the Life-saving Society at Highgate Ponds.

JOHN GERVAISE.

UNPLEASANT TRUTHS.

It's an old wheeze to try and dodge your duty by asking advice.

* * * * * * *

Some men are content to remain at the foot of the ladder for the purpose of pulling others down.

* * * * * * *

Most people believe that the sin of gambling is in losing.

* * * * * * *

Some people grow sadder without growing any wiser.

* * * * * * *

Lots of fellows burn their bridges behind them, only to discover they have to swim back.

* * * * * * *

Think twice before you trust the man who talks a lot about his honesty.

* * * * * * *

The half-crown you borrow never seems so large as the one you have to pay back.

* * * * * * *

It's only when a man overhears his wife talking to somebody else's wife that he really finds out how good he is.

* * * * * * *

If you can't fill a woman with love for you, fill her to the brim with love for herself. All that runs over will be yours.

* * * * * * *

Conscience is something that troubles us after we have been found out.

* * * * * * *

It's not putting things in their right place that's the trouble; it's finding the right place after the things have been put in it.

ON THE PLAIN.

THE TERRITORIALS' TRAINING GROUND.

The fact that the majority of London Te
torials, and many from all parts of the coun
will in a few days be concentrated on the
expanse of Salisbury Plain, gives that Wilts
wilderness an added interest in the eyes of
many who will be watching their doi
through the columns of the newspapers.

For many this will be their first experience
camp, and it is up to them to show what
Territorial Army is made of.

There is no doubt, however, that they
have the time of their lives.

The Plain, as it is familiarly called by all
know it well, has many and varied attracti
for the soldier, the horseman, the workman,
pleasure seeker, and indeed for all whose f
ings are open to the impressions of a magn
cent piece of country.

I can therefore promise to every Territoria
most enjoyable visit to the Plain. He will
himself in the midst of a rolling downland co
try, whose boundaries seem illimitable,
whose wildness and openness work stran
spells upon his imagination.

On every hand he will see the rounded su
mits of the hills standing in silent permanen
ever beckoning to him to put spurs to
charger and fly up the close-cropped turf to
highest knolls and points of vantage.

Roads that are often little more than ill-
tracks, cross and re-cross in bewildering con
sion, put to shame at long intervals by w
made main roads that stretch away in dazzli
whiteness up and down the undulating land
the far horizon, where they seem to dip over
very edge of the earth.

Most of the larger camps are connected w
the outer world by extensions of the great r
ways which can concentrate whole divisions
the Plain at express speed.

Dotted about on the Plain are isolated farm
a few villages, and quaint old churches, arou
all of which man has fought against the p
vailing wilderness, and has succeeded
rescuing some portion of the earth from
bleak and barren primeval roughness.

Moving about these fascinating solitudes
soldier feels himself but a speck on the spre
ing earth, and his eye roves over immense d
tances, as he tries to discern an approachi
enemy.

Whole squadrons of horse passing along the
vast expanses at any considerable distance,
pear like tiny brown patches of heather in slo
crawling motion.

Single scouts are scarcely visible as they k
below the sky line.

The Territorial finds himself, in short, upo
veldt in miniature, and learns more of the natu
of modern warfare in a day's marching acro
the Plain than by a year's drill in the roomie
hall.

Sun and wind combine to tan his skin to th
colour of the autumn bracken.

He lives in a world of contrasts. Himself
embodiment of modern science and activity, h
will move amongst many of the oldest relics o
antiquity that the country possesses.

He is skirmishing and marching and camp
ing over the great mounds where lie buried th
soldiers of ages gone by, and he will perchanc
make excellent use of earthworks thrown up b
warriors, whose weapons were of flint dug from
the chalk that abounds upon the Plain.

At night he will lie awake listening, and feel
ing the restful calm that settles down on th
earth with darkness.

He listens intently, and his mind wanders
away to the roar of London's traffic still goin
on as when last he heard it, yet now beyond
earshot and of no account—something distinc
ing when contrasted with this new-found sh
light.

And the "Réveillé" finds him wide awake
and ready for the toughest day's fighting he
has ever done.

J. G. WELLS.

THE SPLENDID DEVIL.

WHY IS HE A POPULAR HERO?

This is an age which admires the devilish in
n to the exclusion of all else.
The good young man is an Early Victorian
e that has not come into fashion again, nor
l he during the present decade. For some
l more every year is the depraved taste grow-
in England for the Splendid Devil.
England only asks of her celebrities, particu-
ly the men who are in the limelight of Sport,
ities, or the Drama, that they should be al-
st satanical. England does not worship mere
ellect in a rising politician or genial kindli-
ss in her leading sportsmen. She turns the
l lime upon them. They must be Splendid
evils!

I have caught this note at race meetings,
here tragedy rubs shoulders with comedy, and
verty hobnobs with luxury.

BLOOMING ——.

I have listened to some of those much abused
en who are clever enough to go round the
urses making a living honestly, according to
eir lights, and I have had the matter put
ainly before me in one sharp, short sentence.
Some outsider had won a big race although
e horse possessed no chance on form. The
ittle" men only smiled rather wearily. They
ere used to reverses, and as the number went
in the frame they said: "Mister blooming
evil!" again! What a devil, eh? What a

There was undisguised admiration in their
ne. Not a particle of contempt. They did not
ject to "Mr. bloomin' ——" because he was
devil. He was a man who betted heavily
away." It was devilish cleverness all round
get that horse in the race at that weight,
ack it at such a long price, and win.
He was to them a brilliant devil! His
evilry had lost them money, but they were
eady to admire him for it, as keenly as a real
an does admire the fellow who can beat him
t his own game! And nothing can be more
uperlative than that in the world of Sport.

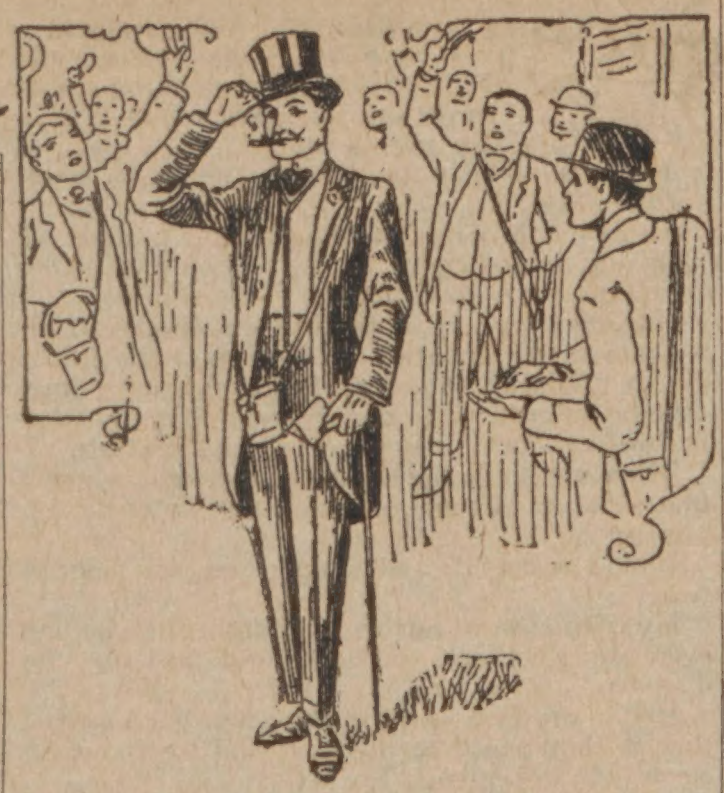
HE "DEVIL'S" VICTORY.

It happened that some years ago I was at-
ending certain Races in the Midlands, when a
an who is notorious all over the Sporting
orld won a race shortly after he had been re-
nstated to the Turf.
He had been "warned off," perhaps a little
njustly, but he had owned once a famous race-
orse that was a public idol, and when the
acing Public admires a man it does so largely
or the sake of his horse, and the Public never
orgets.

That man may do anything devilish as long
s it is not sordid or contemptibly mean, for,
ark you, the Devil that is worshipped is the
plendid Devil alone.
The man's horse won merely a minor race,
ut from such a comparatively small crowd I
ave never heard such a volume of cheering and
plause. As the horse got his neck in front at
he winning post, hats were flung in the air,
nd sticks waved.

THE IDOL OF THE CROWD.

They yelled the winner home all the way,
rom the moment he gained a slight lead, with
he shouting rising ever higher.
It was a sight to remember as the people
roke over the rails, cheering the owner like
ad men. You could see the enthusiasm in
he eyes of all. Greater enthusiasm I have only
een accorded to one other sportsman, and he
reigns in England to-day!
But the man they were cheering at that meet-
ng had done nothing for the country, but him
he people delighted to honour—the Splendid
Devil that could stick to it, and once again lead
in a winner!
They magnified his victory. To them it signi-
ied the defeat of the omnipotent Jockey Club.
t was the silencing of the Splendid Devil's de-



tractors who, if few, were wondrous powerful.

Heaven knows how little that man was intrinsically worth it, but it was the triumphant Splendid Devil in him that invoked that spasmodic outburst from the crowd, 90 per cent. of whom could never have actually seen him in their lives.

"Dear old ——!" they yelled. "Bravo, you old devil! Bravo!"

DO YOU KNOW ONE?

In all walks of life is that Splendid Devil omnipotent. Possibly you, who read, have one particular friend who has this satanic strain in him. A man, perhaps, who seems to do such wild things, who cannot be conventional, but must live his life fully and get all the superhuman excess out of it that he can.

He must do everything, as the saying is, "like the very devil." The commonplace life is not for him. When he rides, only the biggest fences attract him, and he must "fly" them full tilt, not caring seemingly if his ardour lands him a mangled, lifeless Thing on the other side.

I have seen such men in the hunting field. Men with cruel lips but gay, laughing eyes, who must go the devil's own pace when hounds are on the move.

And as that devil seems to urge them ever on, so the proverbial luck of His Satanic Majesty rides with them.

You can hear the "thwack" of the hunting crops on the "cattle" when such a brigade leads the field, and you must perforce pity the foam-flecked horses with the frightened eye and the grandly moving limbs that somehow cannot go fast enough for these—Splendid Devils. Yet if there is the true blood in your veins something distends your nostrils, something flushes your face. You find yourselves admiring these devils who call themselves men!

IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

I knew a fine specimen of manhood who is the son of a noble house, and I could see in him in the hunting field the spirit of the old time. If we went back to those feudal times, I could imagine him leading his retainers to battle with just that *verve* and dash which makes the womenkind almost quiver when he rides straight to hounds with that careless, devilish smile on his face.

"Isn't he the very devil!" I have heard a girl exclaim involuntarily when he put his horse at an ugly place and landed beautifully and faultlessly on the other side. That girl did but admire him—the adorable Devil!

Thus may those who have their fingers on the pulse of the world feel its strenuous life throbbing faster and faster with the fierce, hot blood of the Splendid Devil which dominates it to-day—the Splendid Devil whom, in the city or the countryside, the thronged street, the hunting field or the racecourse, women openly adore and men acclaim. R. E. ROBERTSON.

TERRITORIAL TIPS.

A FEW WAYS OF ADDING TO YOUR COMFORT AND SMARTNESS IN CAMP.

As the Camping season is upon us, a few remarks and hints may be of some use, especially to those readers to whom the experience of camping out as Territorials is new.

A plentiful supply of socks is necessary; a clean pair, well soaped at the heels and the sides of the foot, should be worn for each march of some distance.

A broad belt worn at night will prevent cramp in the stomach, which often results through kicking off the blankets and exposing the body to the cold night air.

A good belt is easily made by sewing buckles on to a stocking-leg, and can also be used as a safe belt purse, by simply cutting a slit at one end.

Should hot water be difficult to obtain for washing-up purposes, sand or earth will be found good substitutes for cleaning utensils.

Immediately after firing practice, the rifle should be well cleaned with oil. Gritty substances should never be used, as they only damage the grooves which give the necessary spin to the bullet, and, in consequence, the man behind the gun cannot do himself justice.

A recruit doing his first sentry go is apt to feel very sleepy during the night when on his beat, especially when standing at ease. To avoid the danger of being found asleep while on guard, always allow the chin to rest on the bayonet point, while standing easy. This will prove quite effective, for on the slightest drowsy nod the resultant prick of the bayonet will restore complete and lasting wakefulness.

In camp life, grease marks will be found difficult to avoid on clothes, so this simple remedy for removing them may be of some use. Cover the grease marks with a thick coat of thickly mixed Blanco; leave the article out where the sun can shine on it for an hour or two, then brush the Blanco off. A second application may be necessary, but only rarely is this so.

The following couple of "dodges" have been successfully worked by "slim soldiers"—though they are not recommended for regular use.

When, through oversleeping or orderly work, a shave cannot be obtained as usual for early parade, a pipe-clayed rifle sling rubbed over the chin will give a passable appearance of being freshly shaved, and will save a reprimand.

If the C.O. is going round on Kit Inspection, and the piece of soap necessary to show with your kit has been mislaid, and none is just then available, a potato, peeled and cut into shape makes a very presentable substitute.

A tasty, sustaining dish for breakfast, as a variation to the ordinary camp breakfast, can be easily and cheaply prepared as follows: break two eggs into a basin or cup, cut a few small, narrow slices of onion into it.

Beat all well together, then pour into a frying pan, or canteen lid, first placing a little dripping into the latter, hold over the fire until the eggs only are fried; and the dish is ready—a good omelette, which requires no skill, and will be a pleasant change from the usual canteen tinned food.

If any readers hesitate to join the Territorials under the impression that Camp life is not agreeable, let me assure them the impression is absolutely wrong.

I have served in many Barracks, and I've had eighteen months' continual service under canvas, and those eighteen months were the healthiest, jolliest, most enjoyable time of my soldiering.

The clean, open air life, the comradeship, the discipline, the feeling that you can do anything with the rifle you grip, so easily does it obey your slightest movement, and all the sports you go through make you feel you're a man, and a man who's going to be dangerous to the prophesied invaders of our shores.

So join, camp out, and be a man. The only regret you'll have will be the fact that, like a birthday, it only comes once a year.

A. LAMBERT.

Our Readers' Page.

SHALL I TAKE THE BIKE?

The holiday-maker is often hard put to it to decide whether he will take his bicycle with him to the place he has chosen to spend his leisure in.

In most cases I should say it is distinctly advisable. It enables him to see more of the country and may be the means of saving him from getting bored to death with the watering place or wherever it may be that he has fixed upon.

If he is in the habit of cycling to work or of spending the majority of his leisure time on his wheel, it is perhaps better to leave the bike at home.

No one wants to be reminded of work, if it can be avoided, while he is on a holiday, and personally I prefer to make my recreations as different as possible from those I indulge in at home.

If you have a cycle with you, however, it is often possible to save a considerable amount by taking lodgings at some little distance from the sea front, or from the centre of the town, for the cost of these will not be nearly so great as those nearer the chief attractions.

Your bike will practically neutralise the distance for you, and if you carry with you a serviceable padlock and chain you can be quite independent and leave it anywhere. At most places you can find either a public cycle stand in charge of an attendant, or a convenient cycle dealer with whom you can leave your machine with an easy mind.

If the cost of taking it down by train deters you, why not ride to your destination and *save?*

SPUR-STOPS.

Mounted Territorials and others who have occasion to wear jack spurs, are often troubled by their dropping so low at the back as to get stuck and chafe the heel.

The usual remedy of strapping them up so tight that they cannot do so generally results in a sore place above the heel, for the boot is thinner there and does not give so much protection.

The only way effectually to cure the trouble is to have spur-stops put on the back of your boots.

These are small blocks of leather which are stitched on to the heel, so that the spur rests on them at the required height. Under these conditions there is no need for the spur straps to be buckled tight, so that there is no chance of a gall being due to them.

It is the custom with most Territorials to wear leather shields on their spur-straps.

These are undoubtedly necessary when puttees are worn, as a protection against the stirrup-iron, but when worn with leggings they are more often just a harmless bit of swank.

They are quite unnecessary and they are even apt to spoil the shape of the legging by catching underneath it and bending back the flaps above the instep.

Personally I started wearing them when I first joined because I thought they were part of the uniform, but I have since observed that very few regular officers and others who wear leggings use them, so I and most of the other chaps in my corps have dropped them.

A SWIM BY MOONLIGHT.

I have had some good swims both at baths and in the sea, but never one to equal one I had a few nights ago.

I was on a visit to a friend who has a small farm.

It was a brilliant moonlight night, and we were out in the open, having a breather before retiring, about 10 o'clock.

Suddenly he suggested that we should go for a swim in the canal at the bottom of the field.

I fell in with the suggestion, and we immediately adjourned to our rooms, there to don bathing-costumes, slippers and mackintosh.

Then we did a sprint down the field, slipped off macs and slippers, and into the water with a plunge.

It was splendid, and simply beggars description.

My friend swam farther that night than he had ever done before, probably not noticing the distance.

It was my first swim in the dark, but I vowed that it should not be the last, and for inducing sleep it is unbeaten. Try it!

A NEW USE FOR NEWSPAPERS.

The following tip may be useful for those who are spending their holidays in camp, and who find that the supply of blankets falls short of their needs.

In the hottest weather, at about two o'clock in the morning, if you are sleeping out in the open, you are sure to feel the need of an extra blanket or some such covering.

Its place may well be taken by an ordinary newspaper, and if three or four thicknesses of this are wrapped closely round you, it will provide quite as much warmth as the average army blanket.

It is often extremely useful to know that your newspaper, when you have done with it, can be put to this use when you are on a railway journey in winter. If you wrap it round your legs, you will find that it will make as efficient a travelling rug as you could wish for.

The tip is often very useful when you are staying at a hotel and find, when it is too late to remedy the defect, that you have not enough coverings on your bed.

A layer of newspapers inserted below the counterpane will be quite as effective as an extra blanket, though perhaps not so healthy.

A TERRITORIAL GROWL.

I am writing in the hope that the Editor of THE MODERN MAN will give me the opportunity of voicing a grievance which is shared by many of my fellow Territorials.

It is that we should be expected to pay our own fares when we are going to drill.

It is, of course, not to be expected that a fellow should get his fares paid, if he joins, for reasons of his own, some unit which is not the nearest to his home. But in my own case, I belong to the corps whose headquarters are nearest, although the railway fare, which has to be paid every time I go to a drill, amounts to a considerable sum.

It is true that if we travel in uniform the railway companies give us a return ticket at single fare, but this is only done when the single fare amounts to threepence.

On a fivepenny fare, therefore, one gets no reduction: and fivepence is to many fellows a considerable item to have to pay every time they go to headquarters or attend a parade.

I know that the Territorial Army costs the nation a good deal, but after all, it is worth it. As it is, those who join make a great many sacrifices in the service of their country. It is not all beer and skittles.

The Force is at present handicapped in every way by lack of money, and if it is to be efficient we must have more to meet the expenses of training.

It is true that we are paid while in camp at the same rate as the Regular soldier.

Now I suggest that it would be far better now to pay the Territorial soldier during training, for most of us join, I hope, for the love of the thing, and of our country, and not for money. But the amount so saved should be devoted to paying every expense which the Territorial incurs.

There should be no compulsory accessories to his uniform for which he has to pay; no railway fares to come out of his own pocket; no "stoppages" for various objects, and, of course, no payments for messing and so on.

When all individual expenses were paid, there would be a handsome balance to swell the training grants of the various associations.

CURES FOR STINGS.

At this time of year even the town dweller cannot feel absolutely immune from the attacks of wasps and bees, so that it is as well to have a remedy handy in case of stings.

With a bee-sting the first thing to be done is to extract the sting, which, having a barb to it, is left in the skin.

One has the slight satisfaction of knowing that this probably means the death of the bee, but at the time you must set about checking the pain and swelling, or if this is not done at once it will be too late.

Sal volatile is an excellent thing to apply to the wound, and vinegar, olive oil, ammonia, raw onion, arnica and water, and honey (presumably on the principle of "a hair of the dog that bit you") are alternative remedies.

Extract of witch hazel is also very soothing applied to the swelling.

The old-fashioned remedy is the application of the "blue-bag" in which the soda is more efficacious. A few drops of lemon juice are also recommended by many.

If you have been badly stung, it is advisable to keep as quiet and cool as possible. Any exertion which will quicken the circulation is likely to aid the poison of the stings and increase the swelling.

A USEFUL LETTER RACK.

In the entrance halls of most hotels and clubs you will see a board covered with green baize on which are displayed letters for the guests or members.

Has it ever occurred to you that such a board is an extremely useful thing to have on the wall of your own room?

It is easily made, all you want being a board of the size you require, some green or red baize, some red tape, such as can be bought for very little from any stationer, and some small brass-headed nails, such as are used in upholstering chairs.

The baize must be stretched tightly over the board—even a stout piece of cardboard will do—and tacked at the back.

The tape will then be stretched diagonally across the board, so as to form a diamond pattern.

At every point where the tapes intersect a brass-headed nail should be inserted so as to keep them tight.

Such a board as this is extremely useful for holding invitation cards and reminders of engagements, fixture cards of clubs, a copy of your regimental orders, if you are a Territorial, and a hundred and one other things that would otherwise be mislaid or would litter the mantelpiece and give the room an untidy appearance.

You will find it far more useful than the picture that it may possibly displace, and not very much more unsightly.

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The first prize this week goes to Mr. F. Harrison, 300, Walsall Road, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, for "A Swim by Moonlight."

A DASHING TERRITORIAL YARN.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S PROMOTION.

BY JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The sun shone down on the hite-tented encampment of the ing's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeo-anry. The day's work was over, and some ve hundred tired troopers were enjoying after-oon siestas in camp chairs outside their tents. The scene was perfectly peaceful. No one emed over energetic, and the strains of the egimental band, that played under the shelter-g branches of a great tree, wafted over the ncampment on the light breeze.

Languorous troopers outside their tents softly histled with the band the catching melody of he "Teddy Bear's Picnic," most favoured of and selections.

In the centre of "B" Squadron's lines, roopers Kernahan, Stephen, and Carteret, that nholy trinity, held general levee of Yeomen, istinguished and otherwise. Bronzed cor-orals mingled with a miscellaneous collection of physically stiff, but hopeful recruits, ringed ound in various graceful positions on the grass. One Sergeant Hall—bosom friend of Kerna-han's and Stephen's in far away Brermouth—lounged up, looking a perfect disgrace to the egiment in a blue and pink striped pyjama oat, turned up dress overalls, dancing shoes, and socks that cried out with a loud and persis-tent voice. In addition to this he had affected a straw hat of uncertain age.

"Good heavens, what a caricature!" said Kernahan feelingly.

"Afternoon, Serg'nt!" Trooper Stephen sprang up to smiling attention and the Yeomen cheered.

"That," said Trooper Kernahan, "is a speci-men of what they use for non-commissioned officers in Squadron 'B.' You recruities there, look—and admire. Sergeant Hall, marksman, signaller, and favoured Adonis in the feminine eye—in undress uniform! And here's dear old Trooper Stephen, eight bloomin' years a Yeo-man, and not even a god-forsaken corporal! Yet he parts his hair occasionally and doesn't wear the regimental colours on his socks."

"By the way, Kernahan," remarked a recruit who had come over to borrow Liberty Hall's bottle of embrocation, "why the devil aren't you a non-com.? Think of it—*Corporal* Kernahan! How does *that* sound?"

"Awful!" replied Trooper Kernahan with in-tense conviction, and fell to whistling the con-cluding bars of the "Teddy Bear's Picnic."

"Trooper Kernahan to attend at Orderly Tent at once—and sanguinary well hurry up about it!" The Sergeant-Major's voice broke on the group.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Kernahan. "You have me a turn! First of all our young friend asks me how I'd like to be Corporal Kernahan, and then you spring on me precisely the same formula as you did a year ago—'Trooper Ker-nahan to attend Orderly Tent at once!' Same sort of day, same everything!"

Kernahan dived into the tent and assumed his yellow-banded forage cap.

"Look here, 'Major," he said, preparing to go, "it's nothing to do with the same blinkin' rot, is it? If so, I'm indisposed."

"You have your orders, and I'm sorry to see you aren't well enough versed in Tennyson to know that it isn't your place to reason why. Un-officially speakin', I believe you're in for a night guard."

"Thank the Lord it's only that!" said Trooper Kernahan, and departed, shoulders squared stiffly. The others watched him as he departed.

They liked to see how he took things. No matter what happened, Kernahan always ap-peared to act exactly as a man ought to do under the circumstances.

The Sergeant-Major helped himself to a nip of Liberty Hall's excellent whisky and soda.

He raised his glass.

"Here's luck," he said, nodding to Kerna-han's retreating form, "to Corporal Kernahan of the King's Own!"

"Wha-at!" Both Stephen's and Carteret's alarmed voices rang out simultaneously.

The Sergeant-Major smiled amusedly.

"Thought I could pull your innocent legs!" he said.

"You shouldn't startle us like that, 'Major," said Trooper Stephen. "I've had one dose of it in actual fact once. 'Member when old Colonel Carlyon Bangs, umpire at one of our little operations against 'C' and 'D' Squad-rons, insisted on Kernahan being raised to the rank of corporal?"

"There!" said the recruit, nodding safely, "I knew old Kerny *ought* to be a non-com.!"

"Which shows," replied Trooper Stephen, "precisely how little you know about him! *You* ought to be put under arrest for darin' to imagine him as anything but a trooper! What would happen to *us*, you unfeelin' young swine?"

Sergeant-Major Brighton collapsed in Kerna-han's vacant camp chair, and, puffing at his blackened briar, looked up to the blue sky and spoke to an intently listening audience he could not see.

"There's no doubt," he said, "that you young gentlemen who are feeling considerably stiff to-day after the various regimental mounted drills, look forward to bein' rewarded with the gold stripes on your left sleeve at some distant date. 'In bright uncertainty they lie, like future charms to Fancy's eye,' as Sir Walter Scott says. It may be that Fate and the Major commanding 'B' Squadron have excellent things in store for you.

"Some may achieve fame, as Hall here has done at signallin', and then your sleeve will be decorated with the cross flags, and perhaps the mark of the rank of Sergeant Instructor of Sig-nalling—all of which have fallen to your pyjama-coated Hall, who, I note, is, in addi-tion, privileged to an unlimited drawing on Liberty Hall's whisky and soda supply.

"Others may have the magnetic spark about them which draws men of all ranks, and is called popularity. In other words, you may become Kernahans, with moral powers exceeding the ken of Colonels. It follows that one day you will be called upon to choose between the pomp and expenses of the Sergeants' Mess and the free and easy hero-worship of your fellow troopers."

"Doesn't the 'Major talk like a book!" Stephen put in admiringly.

"But you can bet he never works by it," the Sergeant-Major went on, being precisely of Kernahan's opinion on the red-bound official hand-book for the guidance of the searcher after military truth.

"Now, somewhere about the last day of the last Camp—we were lying at Brynhilton, about four miles from here—the Colonel arranged for the usual annual tussle between 'A' and 'B' Squadrons representing de-fenders, against 'C' and 'D' acting as an invading force. The whole thing was, by the rules of the game, to be fought in an area of about twenty miles—a bit cramped, some might say, but the by-lanes of the country about here are enough to send all scouting parties mad, and when you get seawards, the cliff country is ragged enough to afford cover to half the standing British Army.

"Note, my beloved hearers, that the 'general idea' assumed that 'C' and 'D,' the invaders, had landed right enough, and it was left to 'A' and 'B' Squadrons to turn 'em back, or at least hold 'em safely in check pending the time of the arrival of imaginary reinforcements from Brermouth—an eminently practical scheme, to my mind, and something after the style of thing which would happen if there was a sudden invasion, and all the Territorial units of Blankshire were mobilised to hold the coast defences, pending the arrival of the Regu-lars.

"It happened that the Regiment had had a distinguished visitor to entertain the day pre-vious to these manœuvres—an old fire-eating Regular, a pal of the Colonel's, and incidentally my almighty commanding officer when I was sergeant in the Lancers in that little row Omdurman way. This was old Carlyon Bangs. There's no ceremony whatever about the old gentleman. He came up to me on parade ground and smacked me on the back like a fellow non-com.

"'Damn it all, Brighton,' he says, 'it's damn glad I am to see you—though you're lickin' boys into shape now, instead of men, and the lance must be getting rusty!'

"'Boys, maybe,' I replied, 'but good boys for all that, sir—infernally good!'

"I then gave him an outline of what was my precise opinion of Squadron 'B'—and told him what was to happen on the morrow.

"Old Carl, as we used to call him, was all pure enthusiasm at once.

"'I'll offer my services as an umpire, Brigh-ton,' he says, 'and I shall see what manner of boys these are!'

"Naturally enough, a Regular doesn't think too much of vacillating volunteers, but old Carl was always fair, damned fair, and ready to give credit where it was due, or swear accordin' to the enormity of the blunders you made.

"The next day good old 'B' Squadron in general, and Kernahan in particular, were very much in their element. There was skirmishing here and scouting there, and more fruitless and wasteful expenditure in blank cartridges than the present hopelessly involved finances of the country can really afford.

"But these signs of nervousness, although not a single 'C' and 'D' Squadron man had come actually within sight, were only eloquent of the undoubted keenness of the men, and winked at accordingly by Captain Devine and myself.

"Colonel Blenkinsop was himself acting as umpire in company with Carlyon Bangs, and to see old Carl mounted, regal and stiff as starch, was to be out There again."

The Sergeant-Major waved his hand vaguely toward the East.

"However, after a dry-biscuit lunch (and whatever the troopers had managed to stuff in their saddle wallets), things began to get a bit interesting. It was gorgeous to be with the main body and see the scouting parties come riding back, flushed, dusty and sweating, with news of the enemy. It was dam' serious to the whole Squadron. And old Carl? He was as happy as a dancing Dervish.

"'Lovely,' he kept on sayin' to me, 'lovely! I take back all I have ever said or thought hostile to the Auxiliary Forces. These are top-hole men. I'd have liked to have had them with me for a week, only a week, under active service conditions out East. Grand boys!' he says.

"Kernahan was actin' as an official aide-de-camp to Captain Devine, and tryin' hard to keep a straight face when the old Colonel over-enthused a little, an' kindly supplied him with many expressive and peerless adjectives for future use.

"The afternoon drew on, with 'A's' and 'B's' main body advancing cautious, with flanking parties to the north and south, gradually hemming in the wings of 'C' and 'D' Squadrons, so that they couldn't get through anyhow.

"Then, like the dear old British Army, we got too confident. We'd closed in 'C' Squadron right enough—but no sooner do the leadin' sections of 'B' Squadron get into the rugged country that lies beyond Brynhilton than they walk clean into a trap laid by 'D.' We were on a sort of sandy plain, and from the ridge of hills beyond comes a general volley, and Kernahan, luckily havin' fallen back into his place again, yelled to the half-squadron behind him to turn back.

"The old Colonel's face was purple.

"'Half this squadron,' he says, 'I rule out of action—all these out in the open.'

"'Good heavens, sir!' says Devine, 'I don't believe you've left a single officer or non-com. then, to take over command of the others in cover there!'

"'Who's the senior trooper, then?' asked Old Carl. 'This game must be played fairly under actual service conditions.'

"'Trooper Kernahan,' I replied.

"'Light-haired chap who has been acting as my aide,' Devine explained.

"'He takes over command then,' says Old Carl, and when the half-squadron heard this you should have heard 'em yell!

"Now, I don't pretend to understand old Kernahan's methods. I'm only an old Army man, used to followin' instructions, but Kerny is a genius of sorts who works by no manner of book ever written by a dyspeptic Army captain on 'Tactics.'

"I was captured and out of action with the leadin' sections, so that I saw the fun entirely from 'D's' side.

"That old fox, Kernahan, I understand, conducted a masterly retreat which is really the essence of strategy, flung out small parties, and within a half-hour by pure swank (which is English for highly comprehensive and effective tactics), had got 'D' boxed up in their own stall, as you might say, with Old Carl laudin' him up beautifully and nigh goin' mad when the whole of the 'D' Squadron turned over, by the rule of the game, to that handful of 'B' under Kernahan.

"Kernahan was fair running with perspiration, but the Squadron had backed him up loyally, hangin' on his lightest word and obeyin' his instructions at the gallop, as you might say.

"Colonel Bangs congratulated Kerny publicly, and I shan't forget the scene in a hurry—with the trooper standin' there, lookin' thoroughly ashamed of himself and stammerin' remarks about luck, while the men grinned generally, as pleased as Punch.

"'And this man,' said Colonel Carlyon to me, as we rode back to camp, 'is merely a trooper! This very night he shall be made a corporal if my word carries any weight with Colonel Blenkinsop. That he shall! That a young man should have the sense in these degenerate days——'

"And he went on in that strain for the best part of five miles, while I said nothin' whatever, not being able to get a word in edgeways.

"'That evening at camp—but you'd better take us along here, Stephen.'

"'Cert'nly, Major. Well, Kernahan was smoking away in a camp chair outside his tent, precisely as he was just now, when up comes the Sergeant-Major.'

"'Trooper Kernahan to attend the Orderly Tent at once,' he says.

"'In for another wigging, I suppose,' says Kernahan. 'Must have found out about our pinching the blankets from Squadron "C."'

"(Which is another story)—an' off he goes.

"There was a pretty average crowd waitin' outside the Orderly Tent for various reasons, but you should have seen how they made way for Kernahan! Everyone thought he was goin' to get a wiggin' for exceeding his duty, but I put it down to the blanket affair, and took no particular notice, returnin' back to Liberty Hall to continue polishing myself up generally, and leavin' the blanket affair to Providence.

"Ten minutes later I heard a general buzz of talk risin' louder down the lines, and I peered out of the tent in my shirt sleeves, in time to see somewhere about twenty chaps followin' the Sergeant-Major and all tryin' to get a squint at a blue Orders paper he held in his hand and was waving in the air to get dry.

"He was evidently going to fix it upon the notice board, which is in the middle of the line rather near our tent. Cries of 'Special Orders' arose generally, and everyone turned out of their tents, some clothed merely in bath towels.

"The Sergeant-Major sticks up the paper with drawing-pins. Then there was a crush to read it. Someone yelled it out.

"'Trooper Kernahan, "B" Squadron, is this day promoted to rank of Corporal.

"'(Signed) The Adjutant.'

"Corporals in 'B' Squadron are, as you know, entitled to grub with the Sergeants' Mess. A few minutes later they carried Kernahan shoulder high to the Mess Tent, and the chairman welcomed him in beautiful terms which gave you the idea that Kernahan was Kitchener, Roberts, and Baden-Powell rolled into one.

"Serg'nt Hall, here, favoured me with a special invitation, so that I might see this new Kernahan. He made an uncommon good dinner and kept tippin' me a wink down the table so that I knew there was something on, but I didn't dream what was coming. Outside the chaps were cursin' pretty generally because old Kerny would be one of us no more!"

Trooper Stephen pulled at his pipe thoughtfully.

"But I knew that Kernahan was never so dangerous as when he was silent. Then they cleared the table, and out came the cigars and coffee. (Yes, they do you pretty well in the Sergeants' Mess, which is really why Hall's so fat, eh, boy?)

"Respondin' to cries of 'Speech!' Kernahan got up as slowly as a town councillor at a mayor's banquet.

"You could have heard a pin drop, and, for the cheerful chap he is, Kernahan looked just a little pale and affected—but always a soldier, mind you, always a soldier! Very stiff he was, and noble as a viscount.

"'Mr. Chairman of the Sergeants' Mess, and gentlemen,' he said slowly, 'I have to thank you for the honour you have done me to-night. The dinner has been as free from reproach as this excellent wine in which I drink your health, greet you, and bid you farewell!'

"With that he lifted up his glass and you could hear a pin drop.

"'Before I drink,' he said, 'I would say this. It is the privilege in this Regiment to which I have the honour to belong, to refuse promotion ere the sun sets on the day it is conferred. I am about to take advantage of this privilege. Trooper Kernahan I have been since the Squadron was raised, and with the boys, the dear old boys in the ranks out there, I shall remain——'

"He could get no further, for half of Squadron 'B' who were hanging about outside the Sergeant's Mess tent burst in and started roaring, while the sergeants and corporals joined in too, thumping the table and making the coffee cups fairly dance. Kerny went a shade paler and held up his hand. The yelling stopped.

"'Boys,' he said, 'that's good of you!'

"Then he raised the glass again, drank and snapped the stem. What he said—and I saw his lips move—Lord only knows."

At that moment Kernahan came up the lines, whistling.

"Kerny," said Stephen, "we never did get out of you what you said that night when you smashed the glass stem and went through the Regimental Ritual."

"Oh, said I shouldn't have allowed 'em to make me a non-com. for half-an-hour if it hadn't been that I was hungry and wanted a really decent dinner after an arduous day's work."

Kernahan turned to the laughing group.

"You've been telling funny stories, Stevie," he said. "Well, my boy, I've arranged for you and Carteret to share stable guard with me to-night."

"Thanks."

"And, Carteret, just cut down to the Bandmaster, present him with Trooper Kernahan's compliments, and ask for an encore of that excellent two-step, 'The Teddy Bear's Picnic.'"

"The rank," observed Sergeant-Major Brighton, "is but the guinea stamp! Colonel Blenkinsop could do no more."

"Precisely," observed the pyjama-coated Sergeant Hall, and danced off to complete his toilet to the rhythmic strains of the "Teddy Bear."

DUST AND THE SPORTSMAN.

HOW HE SHOULD DEAL WITH IT.

At the present moment the world is a world of dust so far as the sportsman is concerned.

He breathes it, and it finds its way into his eyes as he cycles along the road; it blows over the green hedge and into the tennis court as he takes his recreation upon the lawn, and he does not even count upon being free from it when he is on the river, for a cloud comes driving down from the roadway upon his boat and him.

Motor traffic, of course, accounts for the bulk of the dust, and it is useless for us nowadays to kick against the motor-car.

What we must consider is how to avoid the discomforts and the dangers to health that arise from inhaling road dust.

It is impossible for a cyclist or pedestrian to get off the main road and take some side turning every time a dust-raising motor-car approaches. He must therefore get through the cloud of gritty particles with as little discomfort as may be.

As a motor-car whizzes past you, you should place your handkerchief over your nose and breathe through that. The air will be filtered by the linen, and you will find that in this way you are able to breathe naturally without inhaling the death-dealing dust.

Another tip is this. Do not stand and splutter and storm when a motor-car seems to fill the whole roadway in a creamy vapour before you. The dust is gradually settling in the wake of the car, and the farther away from it you get, the less dust there is. Instead of standing and coughing, hurry onwards where the dust is already settling down again.

If you are spending your holiday on the road, whether walking or cycling, you ought to give your nose attention every evening, and morning. In a word, you ought to indulge in a nose bath.

Fill a tumbler to the brim with water, place your nostrils in it, and draw the liquid from the upwards till it comes back to your mouth.

This nasal bath is an excellent tonic for the mucous membrane of the nose, and greatly helps to resist the attacks of any disease germs that may attack it when dust is breathed in.

If you are setting out for a cycle tour, or on a long walk at this time of the year, it is well to select a get-up that is dust resisting. The breeches should be of close, finely woven material which will not allow dust to penetrate, while your jacket, if possible, should be of some similar substance.

Stockings are notorious dust traps, and it is quite easy to get a thin pair of leather leggings which will not be one bit warmer than stockings, and they will keep the dust out instead of gathering it up.

Attired in a get-up of this sort, you can clear yourself at the end of the day after a few minutes' strenuous application of a clothes brush, for the dust will only be on the surface instead of having penetrated your clothing.

G. PETRIE.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

A PHANTASY.

Now it came to pass that a man loved a certain woman, [illegible] of her world [illegible] And her people laughed. But it was a good-tempered laugh for the woman—who was yet but a girl at the time [illegible] very properly [illegible] and she had been taught that the most important thing for a girl to do was not to make a fool of herself.

The girl laughed a little also, for, though it was strange that a man should want her because he loved her, it was rather an amusing thing to be loved. But she ceased to laugh as time went on her people did likewise, for when the eyes of the man rested upon the woman they were illumined, and though her people did not clearly understand what it all meant, they felt it was wrong and a dangerous thing. So they interfered.

And as usual the girl had to bear the brunt of it.

Now this girl was cool and strong, like a green hill. And as stubborn. So the protesting storm passed over her and it was rather refreshing than otherwise.

And the man continued to look at the girl as though she were a window in the cathedral of heaven.

* * * * * *

And the girl became very grave, and her thoughts when alone were a song. But the world was sad.

And because she could not bear the thought that her world should know she was loved, the girl was very charming to all the young men that she met. And she was very angry with the man that his love was blazoned on his face. So for a year passed.

And the girl fought hard with the song in her heart, and she tried to deaden its compelling cry in the clamour of the world. But she might as well have tried to drown the sea in a storm.

And the other young men discovered that she was never anything more than charming, so they looked elsewhere.

And now her people saw that this distressing thing was inevitable, and they resigned themselves and prayed fervently that a benign Providence would make it all right in the end, for they washed their hands of the whole matter.

Thus it came to pass that the man and the girl were left in the solitude of their love and nothing else mattered to them now.

* * * * * *

And at last she kissed him.

It was not the kiss of a woman who loved, for it was his beloved, and if two souls were to meet at the same time the human heart would bleed. Nor was it a kiss of pity, though his love had ploughed furrows in his face. But it was the kiss of a child.

And when she had kissed him the man went away with soft steps, for his soul had retreated to a distance and become remote and still, like the first-seen star in the pale light of evening. And it seemed likely that it would stay in its breathless void of holy wonder for ever.

And when he got home the man prayed with an awful fear in his heart.

Now it came to pass that the man hastened to the woman and told her of a wonderful discovery he had made. And she heard that Creation was the work of love and that love was the key to the heart of God. And the woman smiled, for after all it did not matter what he called it.

And again one day the man hastened to her, for it seemed right that he should tell her all his thoughts when they were so wonderful.

And the woman listened as a woman listens to the first sayings of her child. And again she smiled.

But there was sadness in the smile that the man did not understand, for she saw that he was more in love with the thoughts of love than with her. But even so he became more dear to her.

And at last the man told her that this gift of God must not be hoarded in selfish secrecy, but that the world should know of it and should share in its treasures. And she sent him away to tell the world.

* * * * * * *

And by and by the man returned to the woman and said the world would not listen. And she comforted him. And when he was strong he wanted to go again, and she let him go once more.

And the man did not know how greatly the woman was afraid that the world would listen, for the ear of the world only hearkens to the fool and the liar, and he was in danger of becoming both.

And this time the man stayed away for a long time.

But he came back and said: "Is it true that love is the most wonderful thing in the world?" And he was very miserable about it. But without letting him know that she had not answered him, she sent him away comforted.

And at last he came again and said: "I am afraid." And the woman placed her hands on his shoulder and made him gaze into her eyes and asked: "Why are you afraid?"

And the man saw the courage in her eyes and he hung his head. For the thing that the man feared was that he did not love her now.

* * * * * * *

And the heart of the woman was glad. For now the man was beginning to understand that love has no kinship with arrogance, and that humility is love and is the rarest thing in the world.

And when she asked him if he wanted to go away again he shook his head. And the woman kissed his lips.

And the man hid his face in the folds of her dress in the abasement of his shame.

For now he knew that his love took its life from her heart and that her heart was the world.

S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

SUMMER FOOLS.

Whether it is that the heat of summer gets into some men's heads, there is no saying; but it is a fact, well-known to any student of the newspapers, that during the summertime we have more instances of sheer folly than during any other season of the whole year.

The fool who rocks the boat, just for the fun of the thing, is evident only in summer. It is safe to say that half the river accidents can be put to his account. The policemen at riverside villages ought to be armed with revolvers, and should have orders to shoot at sight anyone whom they may see rocking a boat.

To rock a boat is exactly equivalent to pointing a gun at the other occupants; there may be an accident or there may not—it is not the summer fool's fault if there isn't one.

There are other summer fools. The man who overdoes his recreation and returns at the end of his holiday a limp and nerveless mass, is undoubtedly a summer fool.

So also is a man who spends too much money, who impoverishes himself long before and long after a holiday in order that he may solace his vanity by cutting a dash during this brief period.

PUNTERS.

SOME FAMILIAR FIGURES ON THE TURF AND OFF IT.

I mean racecourse, not riverside punters.

First of all, there is the silly ass, and worse, of a punter, who never goes near a racecourse, but backs his fancy from billiard-room or saloon bar. He is about the biggest fool that ever walked on two legs. He bets not only every day, but on almost every race, and he gets his tips from billiard-markers and potmen.

His end is ruin, often prison, for frequently he is a nincompoop earning £2 a week and he hopes to make betting pay when a millionaire would soon be bankrupt if he followed his methods.

Turning to the racecourse, there is the "if" punter. On the way back in the special he is full of the wonderful things that would have happened and the enormous sum he would have won, if he had only done so-and-so, or if such-and-such a thing had only come to pass.

A similar type is the punter who meant to have backed the winner, but for some (usually absurd) reason did not do so. I know such a one, though as a matter of fact he never goes to races, and I don't believe he has ever made a bet in his life.

But he pretends at least to an interest in the Turf, and his tale is always the same. "My dear fellow," he says *after* some big race, "the moment I saw the weights (or the runners) I said to myself, 'Catsmeat's bound to win,' and I'd have backed it only——" then he tails off into some totally unconvincing reason for not having followed his judgment. Once he assured me gravely that he had lost thousands betting.

Inquiry, however, elicited the fact that he reckoned as lost the money he would have won if he had only backed those horses he knew were going to win.

Among the real punters, the men who make a business of racing, there are many types. There is the neck-or-nothing sort of fellow, who "goes for the gloves" every time, and plays up his winnings for all they are worth.

A cabman I once knew well was of this type. He would go to a meeting with a few pounds in his pocket, and as often as not he would plank the whole lot on the first race.

If he lost, he would contentedly watch the rest of the races for sheer love of the sport, if he won then as a rule he would play up his winnings on the next race, until the inevitable happened.

The inevitable? Yes, though following this desperate method I once won a trifle over £400 starting with two sovereigns on a 3 to 1 winner. But the whole of that £400 and a good deal more found its way back to the bookies' satchels before the week was out.

Still, I rather like the desperate punter, possibly because I have a sneaking kindness for myself, but theoretically at least because he seems to me to be a sportsman. He may want to win a fortune—and who wouldn't—but he treats money as dirt, and that is rather refreshing in a world where so many worship it.

The opposite of the jovial, reckless punter is the man to whom the money he may win or lose is everything. When his fortunes are at stake, and it is sink or swim with him, he cannot bear to look at the race; he takes refuge in a bar or behind the stand, and waits for someone to tell him whether he is a man or a mouse.

Then there are the professional punters—men who make a study of the game and treat it scientifically, so far as anything so uncertain and elusive as racing can be treated so.

There is the punter who hesitates and is lost, a timorous fellow, who, when he gets a really good tip, is afraid to back it.

Finally there is the genial but most annoying ass who backs the winner because he likes its colour, or its number is his favourite or lucky number, or for some other equally fatuous reason, while you who have worked out the "form" to the last ounce see your fancy floundering down the course.

C. B. DALTON.

WHERE MEN FORECATHER.

XXII. ON THE RIVER.

Who has not heard the call of the river? The eyes brighten and the pulses go faster when there come to the mind sweet memories of shady backwaters, of broad, open reaches that now are churned into miniature waves, lapping round the prow of the boat as it struggles against the breeze, and now are lulled in a glassy stillness, reflecting line for line the foliage on the bank, or the lantern that hangs from a lissome cane at your bow.

The river, to every Southerner, at least, is the Thames, the silvery Thames, which has inspired the poet, beguiled the leisure of the many, and borne upon its waters the struggles of the oarsmen of centuries.

To see the river in its many changing moods and appreciate its infinite variety, you must make a tour from London to Oxford—above that it is but in its infancy, and below London it is no longer the Thames, as we like to think of it, but rather an arm of the sea.

But you must see the river from between its banks if you would know it thoroughly.

THE WAY TO ENJOY IT.

Drive your boat through its waters all day, or drift lazily with the wind, and rest upon its bosom in your tent-covered craft at night, and you will get closer to the heart of the river than you ever will by any other means.

Its variety is endless. Let us look for a moment upon two scenes that are to be found any day within a few miles of each other.

Here is the toil and bustle of the Pool of London; as Vicat Cole has painted it, with its smoke and grime, its fussy little tugs and its sedate, high-masted sailing ships.

To the same world belong the long, black barges that crawl lazily beside the bank all along its course—the world to which the river is a means of livelihood and not of recreation.

Only a few short miles higher up, on the banks of water that soon will pass under London Bridge, stands a little bungalow, its tiny, well-kept garden bounded by a white-railed landing stage, its rustic porch overgrown, like those of the many others that dot the bank hard by, with climbing roses.

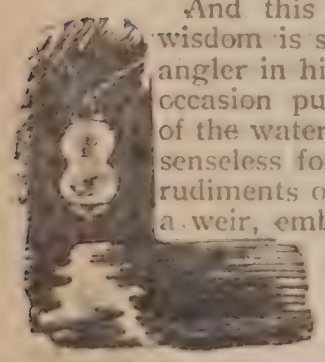
THE RIVER FOLK.

Higher still on the river's winding course come the locks, that confine its might and subdue it to the needs of man, with massive gates that move, like everything else on the river, as if next week would do as well.

It is here that you should tarry if you would get to know the river folk.

First there is the lock-keeper himself, the hardy veteran who inhabits the creeper-covered cottage near at hand; where the notice, "Teas provided," in the parlour window betokens that the sharer of his joys and sorrows has the enterprise to add to their slender income, and to turn the ever-open purse of the river holiday maker to account.

And this same lock-keeper, whose weather wisdom is second to none, and who is no mean angler in his spare time, has on more than one occasion pulled something other than fish out of the water, and has saved the life of not a few senseless fools who in blissful ignorance of the rudiments of watermanship or of the dangers of a weir, embark in a boat they cannot manage.



It is a motley crowd whose toll the lock-keeper takes every day throughout the season—bargees and millionaires, peers and painters, men who are taking a day of peaceful rest after a week's hard work, and men who never did a week's work in their lives.

Take Boulter's Lock on a Sunday and watch the stream of craft that passes through.

Below the lock, waiting for the great gates to open, is a seething mass of punts, with a forest of poles, each deftly wielded by a white-clad, worried-looking man, who strives to converse politely with the maiden on the cushions, instead of conversing (as he would like to do) anything but politely with the gentleman whose punt lies broadside on across his bows.

A steam-launch, gaily bedecked with flowers, joins the waiting throng with a peremptory hoot, and a party of river minstrels draws up alongside in a crazy old randan, and endeavours to beguile the enforced wait of those on board.

A DAY OUT.

Here is a Cockney sportsman out for the day with his best girl, whose velvet Sunday frock is sadly eclipsed by the more fashionable yet simple finery around her, so that she and Jim feel a little out of their element amid this well-dressed crowd, and they begin to wonder if they are really enjoying their day so much as they expected.

Meanwhile poor Jim, who has already paid a fabulous price for the hire of the skiff that he has such difficulty in managing, is counting up the remaining cash and beginning to wonder if they can afford to go through the lock after all.

The fascination of the river is felt in every walk of life. There are a hundred other types among that waiting crowd, and among the many who throng the reaches of the river above and below on this and every other Sunday, for the Sabbath is a day of rest, and where is rest to be found better than on the river?

A. H. MAUDE.

FEET.

No matter what you are up to, no matter whether you are on holiday or sweating away at business, you cannot feel comfortable unless your feet are in perfect condition.

No man contemplates taking a walking tour unless his feet are all right, but even the cyclist and the man who wants to knock about a bit wants to have his feet in good condition.

If there is anything the matter with your feet, if you have corns or anything else to annoy you, get your boots bigger than usual.

They need not necessarily be a size or even half a size larger; often it is merely a question of width, and if you get them wide instead of pointed, you will very often relieve yourself of all annoyance so far as your feet are concerned.

A glass of whisky rubbed over the soles of the feet will do much to prevent them from blistering if you are called upon to take a long walk and have not made yourself fit for it.

This is a straight tip.

But the great secret in foot comfort is to look after your boots and to be careful in their selection. Pointed toes look very nice, but it is not every foot that is meant for them, and to wear them if you have corns is a penalty not worth courting.

THE MAN AND THE COLOURS.

A SKETCH.

He was an old man and very ragged. After all, you do not usually peddle matches and bootlaces clad in superfine broadcloth.

But he was a clean old man. His clothes, terribly patched and worn, were brushed, and his face was washed.

His face! An epitome of want and suffering bravely, silently borne. In his eyes the patient look of an animal whose course is run. And indeed his body and soul scarcely seemed to hang together, so bowed, so emaciated his frame, so very, very old and spent his air.

So he stood with sagging knees and trembling hands in the gutter, vainly offering his wares to the hurrying stream of well-to-do by—a human derelict, abandoned it would by God and man.

There was a sound of stirring music, and the street there swung a regiment, drums ing, fifes shrilling, colours flying.

The old match-seller started, so far nerveless frame could start, when he music. He looked round to ascertain and then he faced about from the pa waited.

On they came, the gallant fellows, the drum-major swaggering as only major can swagger, and in the cen columns could be seen the gold, and crimson of the colours.

Many of the busy ants paused a watch the regiment go by. A few as passed raised their hats, glancing shame-faced, half-defiant; for your lishman is terribly afraid of showing tion in the streets.

The majority, however, did not colours, let us charitably assume ance, though it is hard to find any ignorance of the respect that all the emblems of their King, their country.

Meanwhile, the old match-seller was transfigured before my eyes. Gradually creases came out of his back, his sinking straightened, and his drooping rose erect.

It was wonderful: and the metamorphosis tended to his face. The poor old rheumy seemed to clear and brighten, the mouth to grow firm and set.

And so he stood, head erect, eyes straight to his front, chest expanded, drawn in (as if it were not already enough), hands pressed close to the trousers, legs straight, heels together, an angle of forty-five degrees—the "attention" for a soldier.

Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub—ah, old man, know that tune, for I have caught your ejaculation: "It's the old regiment," swung into sight.

Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, drums and fifes, and colonel on his charger pass you, and come the men. You look at them approvingly they are perhaps a smaller, younger than they were in your day, but still good boys and will do their duty when the comes.

But you are waiting for something, it is to see that. Ah, the colours! Your old transfigured; seamed, lined, and pierced nevertheless beautified by the look of and reverence that comes over it as you sight of the colours out of the tail of your First, your hand goes up to remove your or rather what was once a hat. But you your mind, and with a smartness incredible minutes before you come to the salute.

The colours pass, but still you remain less and saluting even after the tail of the ment and the adjutant are far down the street.

Then some lout laughs at you, and back to earth. In a trice you are old, decrepit, outcast, but for a moment a lusty man again.

M. S. RANSOME.

The Skill of the Unskilled

—Illustration.

...ivvy, or as he is some-...imply called, the ...er, would certainly be ...ed by the average man as ...representative of the great ...s of the unskilled.

...belongs to no guild or ...entice, he has no ...by which he can be ...d either as man or ...ter.

...e is just a labourer, a ...y, and the world passes ...by as one of the useful unskilled masses who do ...rough work of the world. ...wever he is found, ...ther in the excavated ...ch in the London street, ...down the shaft of a new ...railway, or on the country ...way, cracking stones ...the grass at the ...side, or doing any of the innumerable jobs ...look so simple, the unthinking public puts ...down as a labourer and assumes his lack of

...E NOT EVERYTHING.

...ence, therefore, with a rude shock, to ...ver that in all these occupations, for which ...ing force and blank ignorance were sup...ed to be necessary, there is an astonishing ...unt of skill required.

...he finest way to prove this assertion is to ...mpt any one of the dozens of jobs that the ...skilled" labourer does, and does well, every ...of his working life.

...he smooth handed investigator will quickly ...his opinions and will acknowledge that in ...roughest work there is much more required ...mere muscular strength; that such strength ...deed but a small part of the navvy's equip...t, and that a navvy's work demands an ...nishing degree of skill, knack, technique—...t what you will—for its efficient accomplish...t.

...requires a combination, almost unique in ...e days of machines, between muscle, brain, ...tool, with an infinite amount of practice, ...to dig a trench or to prepare the earth for ...ion of seeds—a process briefly dismissed ...ving" by the uninitiated.

...en so comparatively simple an affair as ...elling loose earth from a trench to the heap ...he side, will be found a very difficult task. ...shovel that looked so light and handy in ...hands of the labourer will become a clumsy, ...fieldy tool in the hands of the novice.

...RE THE NOVICE FAILS.

...e will soon exhaust his strength in merely ...g his shovel with earth, and even then he ...overfill it at one turn and take up scarcely ...ndful of soil at the next, all the time putting ...h his last atom of muscular force.

...e will misjudge the force required to hurl ...soil to the top of the heap, and at one ... the shovelful will fly clean over the ...while the next will fall far short, and ...tumbling back upon him like an ...anche.

...r let him try scattering stones upon a road, ...ed ready for the steam roller. So simple ...it looks, but an amateur's attempt would ...ften as not result in a series of uneven layers, ...stones heaped up where they were least ... and scantiest where the hollows most ...filling.

...the amateur still looks upon the labourer's ...k as easy and requiring little "skill," let him ...out into the country and seek for the ...ghbourhood a beginning he might try the thinning out ...a copse. Surely this is easy! All he needs ...a sharp billhook and a chopper, and the ...th will fall before his strokes like ...a Maxim gun.

...ork! His legs catch in the thorny brambles, the twigs swish back and lash his face, the wood he cuts becomes a tangled obstruction, and most of it is rendered useless, through unskilful cutting, either for pea sticks or hurdle-making, or any of the other purposes for which copse wood is useful.

The last state of the copse is worse than the first, and the amateur's body and temper are lacerated severely.

It is the same in every so-called "simple" operation of the kind. The ragged wildness of a neglected hedge requires more than a pair of hedge clippers with a bungler at the butt end to make it neat. A choked ditch will be rendered still more "chock full" by an amateur who thinks no "skill" is needed to graduate the slope and clear the banks of weeds and undergrowth.

Even a potato patch requires more than a strong arm and a prong for its proper preparation; while to load a cart with hay, to toss the sheaves upon the harvest wagon, to use a scythe without slashing one's own foot, and to sharpen it without losing a finger or two, are little operations that need skill and sure technique for their proper performance.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

It may well be asked: where does the labourer—this "unskilled" man—obtain his instruction? Where does he get that subtle cunning with which he uses every tool?

The questions open up an endless vision of experience. Age after age has helped to perfect the method, the man, and the tool he uses. Centuries, even hundreds of centuries, of experiment and adaptation have gone to the making of the spade, the scythe, the hatchet, the dexterous arm, the knowing hand, and the unerring eye, and the modern labourer embodies in his methods the concentrated experiences of millions of earlier fellow creatures.

M. BRUCE.

STRIPPING.

One of the greatest possible delights during the warm weather, is to strip—stark naked, if circumstances allow it, and as near that as possible if they don't.

To feel the air beating against your skin is a pleasure you should experience if you have never done so.

Clothes are necessary—properly chosen and worn they may even be beautiful—but there are times when the primitive man within us awakes and when our one desire is to be naked.

That feeling comes to you these summer evenings, when your underclothing is sticking to your skin, and when even the wearing of a hat, or any other head covering, seems an unnecessary truckling to convention.

When you feel like that, get off your clothes and stand as Adam once did, till the bath fills.

Then plunge in, and revel in the cool water.

Stop in till your temperature is once more back at the point of comfort, till the air seems less oppressive, and you can breathe it with satisfaction—till you are actually glad to get out of the water.

If you are a devotee of physical culture, do your exercises, while the warm weather lasts, in this same non-existent costume.

To have the air playing upon your skin is a delicious sensation in itself, and the experts say it is also beneficial. Probably it is, but the fact that it is delicious is sufficient to recommend it.

There is an infinite satisfaction in stripping, even if the misfortune of circumstances compels you once more to don the clothes of convention. To have been naked, even for a few moments, is a joy.

CYCLING HINTS.

SOME TIPS ON REPAIRING AND CLEANING.

The repair of an ordinary puncture is a simple enough undertaking in itself, but most cyclists utterly detest having to perform it on the roadside. When the puncture arrives, however, it must be treated in a philosophic spirit, and the repair set about in the proper manner.

The pedal cyclist is much more favoured than his motoring brother in this respect, for he can turn his machine upside-down and thus greatly facilitate the operation. This he should do, and then spread on the ground the rag in which his tools are wrapped. The small valve parts are better stored in the pocket while he effects the repair.

Keep all your tools on the rag, or, failing this, in your cap or on a handkerchief. Do not place small nuts, tools, etc., on the upturned machine or they will most likely fall off and a long hunt in the grass will result, but will not always be successful.

Tackle the repair as confidently as you would at home, and do not commit the fatal mistake of being too hasty. Clean the tube thoroughly and allow the solution to get quite tacky before attempting to apply the patch. It is such details as these which are apt to be disregarded when one is doing a roadside repair, although the success of the venture depends chiefly upon their observance.

If a mechanical adjustment has to be made, exercise the same care as you would in your cycle shed, and be sure not to hurry unduly over it.

Your saddle bag should always contain, among other items, an adjustable spanner, and it is a good plan always to have a length of valve tubing with you. A small pair of scissors is invaluable.

It does not do for the hard riding cyclist to be very fastidious regarding the appearance of his machine. If a bicycle is used continuously in all weathers, its enamel and plating are bound to proclaim the fact, however much time may be expended in cleaning operations.

But this is no excuse for the cyclist who perpetually neglects his machine. Probably the bicycle is man's most abused servant in this respect. The horseman and the motorist dare not neglect the legitimate claims of their steeds as does the cyclist.

Apart from this also, the bicycle owner reaps a decided profit from keeping his machine in a presentable condition. It is then not displeasing to the eye, and, what is probably of greater moment, will fetch a much higher price in the second-hand market.

Some bicycles naturally require more attention in this direction than others. The stripped road racer will accumulate twice as much mud as the well protected roadster.

There are mudguards and mudguards, and I have tried the best of them, but have yet to discover the guard which does not permit at least a sprinkling of mud to be deposited on both machine and rider. It is my experience that in a long ride a bicycle will accumulate a considerable quantity of mud however guarded, and the important question arises how best to remove this at one's destination.

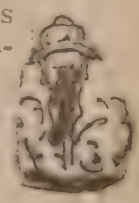
If the mud is still wet it is highly advisable to remove it immediately.

Many riders make a practice of waiting until it is dry, but this is a mistake. In the removal of hard dry mud, the enamel is sure to suffer to some extent.

While the mud still remains soft, a wet cloth or leather should be used to wipe it off. The machine can then be gone over with a clean rag and polished up.

Regarding the plated parts, especially the rims, it is very important to attend to these while wet, or rust will speedily obtain a hold. Wipe all the mud off, and be sure that the parts are left dry.

It is a good practice in wet weather to coat the plated parts with vaseline, as this protects them from rust and greatly facilitates the operation of removing the mud.



THE TALE OF A DOUBTFUL REFORMATION.

Mr. Highly Respectable

Should it happen that business or pleasure makes you for some time a regular in the army that "goes racing," you will learn many things, and one year's round of the courses, from the Lincoln Spring Curtain-raiser to the final ringing down at Manchester November, will teach you more of men and things than a dozen years in the City.

You learn to weigh up a man on sight, you know, who may be trusted with money, and to what amount, and you must be ready to help or be helped by the regulars when a "disastrous day for backers" cleans you out of even the price of the dinner on the special back to Town.

But, above all these things, you must remember that, once a racing regular, you are always and for ever a racing regular. If you meet one of the erstwhile "boys" in affluence or poverty out of the beaten track, you must grasp his well-washed or grimy hand, as the case may be, thus claiming him as still your friend—but in public say nothing about racing, and continue to say it until he broaches the subject.

It may be that he has started in the religious line and is making a little ready (per collections), doing a bit of insincere sky-piloting. Having gone flagrantly "wrong" racing, and laid himself open to being hounded off the course at sight by certain gentlemen who look after racing's morals, it is possible that he has turned the gift of the gab, which persuaded the greeners to buy his dud jewellery, to some momentary use by arguing for the cause of socialism.

In fact there are a hundred and one things to which he may have applied his natural talents—things that are in nowise connected with the sport of Kings. Therefore, silence is golden indeed.

But although I was acquainted with the foregoing maxims governing the methods of procedure on meeting a regular "off the course," still I claim great credit for not having blurted out some exclamation of surprise when I saw an entirely new Billy Drayton, erstwhile regular of the racing army, opening a charity bazaar in a small but intensely fashionable town.

"Councillor William Drayton," was the name announced on the boards, and I had sauntered into the Town Hall's great Assembly Room, merely to compare the Billy Drayton I knew, racing, with this probably pompous councillor. When I saw that the councillor and the regular was one and the same man, I merely sat down quietly, and a lady near by asked if I felt faint.

But old Billy—for all that he wore gold-rimmed pince-nez—"spotted me in once," winked imperceptibly, and brought his speech suddenly to a faultless peroration. Amid much clapping of hands and rattling of tea-cups, this venerable-looking middle-aged councillor stepped off the red baize platform, walked heavily down the carpeted gangway, and, extending four fingers, beautifully manicured, greeted me with the oily effusiveness of a Non-conformist minister.

I listened to a short homily on the sacred cause of charity bazaars—obviously for the benefit of a few churchwardens beside us—then I followed a sleek, heavy-footed Drayton into a room inscribed "Mayor's Parlour."

A page-boy brought in two cups of tea to his order, and the door firmly shut at last, Mr. William Drayton promptly emptied the contents of both into a coal scuttle.

"Well, my friend," he said, coming to earth, "what sort of Ascot did you have?"

He strolled over to a locker initialled "W.D." in gold letters, and produced a bottle of whisky, a syphon of soda, and two glasses.

"Ah, that's better!" he said, helping me to a liberal supply. "Tea—bah!"

"What the deuce did you order it for?" I asked, having watched his movements up to that point in fascinated silence.

"Because," he answered, drinking off his whisky and soda with a true racing man's satisfaction, "I am now Mr. Highly Respectable—not the Billy Drayton you knew. Here, before you, you behold Councillor William Drayton, who will be Alderman William Drayton, an' after that His Worshipful the Mayor."

"Go on," I observed, limply. "I'll try to bear it."

"It's like this," he said. "You see, as my friends the missionaries say, I'm working in a new field, and the seed of righteousness has yielded good fruit. Boy, I've got a pew at church on Sundays, a semi-detached villa, and I'm an authority on drainage rates, to say nothing of being chairman of the waterworks, though, heaven knows, I can't swallow its produce neat. Ah, I thought that would tickle you. It's these little *bon mots* that have brought me to my present state of comparative affluence. I could have gone on following the courses for years, and been broke reg'lar twice a week.

"But, as you know, I got too clever at ringin' on the public the dud jewellery wrapped up with the apparent six half-crowns in the bit of paper business, and the racey 'tecs. have marked me down as a 'notorious and incorrigible bad character.'

"Lordy, they ought to see me now! Boy, I've discovered somethin' sever-i-al miles ahead of the confidence trick—because, of all the mugs in the world, there is not one to equal the pompous town councillor—the tradesman who has got on in the world, and ain't afraid to jingle the quidlings in his pocket—quidlings that immediately get into my watchful eye—and after that into *my* pocket.

"But it's my duties as a member of the Finance Committee that brings in the shekels. What is the Finance Committee? Merely a collection of retired but wealthy grocers and plumbers, entirely in the hands of the Borough Accountant—and no sooner has that gentleman read out the minutes than the door is locked and out comes the 'Sandown' board, me bein' banker. The locked out reporters put their heads together and kid 'emselves we're debatin' some heavy matter *in camera*, as they say, and off goes a half column of special to the 'Weekly Liar,' praisin' our hardworkin' councillors. 'Nother four hours' sitting! Certainly—and, between you an' me, it's worth a fiver an hour to the Chairman of the Finance Committee, which is me.

"Talk about pinchin' the odds! Thank heaven, there ain't a single member of the Finance Committee that's got a head for mathematics. They kid 'emselves I'm lucky. Well, backin' your luck is in nine cases out of ten futile; but backin' your knowledge, now, is——"

"Immoral," I put in.

"As you like," he said smiling, "but surely you ain't trainin' for a Town Councillor, are you? Call it cute and avoid odious comparisons. Be 'ighly—damn it!—*h*-ighly respectable, like *me*! Then all you want is a little dash. Why should every club in Puddleton have its Derby sweep-stakes and the most important club of all, the Council, be without? Shame, gentlemen! Certainly not!"

Mr. Drayton was waving his arms about in the manner of an orator in Hyde Park.

"Why not a Corporation Sweep-stake—half guinea a time? Who will undertake the arduous work of collectin' the subscriptions—nearly said oof—why, Councillor Drayton. Cheers! Hooray! Bravo, an' so on. Who will organise the draw? Why, Councillor Drayton!"

He dropped his voice and winked at me knowingly.

"Who will see that the councillors draw nothin' but the blanks and stumers? Why Councillor Drayton, boy, late of the 'Bath. Noomarket.

"Heaven praise the day that I turned respectable, opened a 'baccy shop with the last coup I ever brought off, and thus settled down to the blameless life of a man who has the welfare of Puddleton at heart.

"They're sports, these people in the Council, I tell you, and what the old Reg'lars would call Juggins-*the*-Jays, extra special prize idiots. And His Worshipful the Mayor is mustard on baccarat. So am I, but mine's the superior sort of palate that knows just when the sandwich is nicely flavoured, or in other words what's good to turn off the pack next.

"This is no end of a Royal and Borough! You should see the solid gold on the Mayoral chain. How easy that it, boy! Oblige me by thinkin' of it for minutes. Imagine our Yiddisher princes lers of the racecourse gloatin' over admiring the engraved beauties of Corporation Seal. Wait till I'm the Mayoralty. . . . . ."

The thought seemed to overcome him, sank back into the fat arm-chair, his ing up in ecstasy to the ceiling the arms of the Borough were carved In his face I saw again the Billy old days, the sly look, the tense racecourse artist in theft. I could see back again to the almost long ago.

"'As the duplicate manufacturer lost his he murmured half to himself.

"And can the Ethiopian change his skin?" observed, bringing him back to the Parlour again, very suddenly.

"Ah, you're right, boy," he said. Ethiopian can't change his skin, but he can clothes over most of it. It ain't all lavender bein' highly respectable, and there are times when I'd like to be with the 'boys' the eternal dodge with someone as 'cute self to beat—not these sucklings of ability.

"But don't mention the word 'racecourse' me or breathe the sacred names of Epsom, or Noomarket. Why, they actually wanted to have a two-days' race meeting here did some of the aristocrats. Wanted to get Jockey Club to fix dates and all that, the big of the meeting to be a two hundred pound handicap. Think of it! A racecourse in peaceful Puddleton!"

"And did they succeed?" I asked.

He looked at me in genuine surprise.

"What, with me and my eloquence against it in the cause of respectability? 'Can we have the dregs of the gutter, the lains of the racecourse swarming ton Downs?' I asks—and may for thus libelling my old friends.

"Besides, think of me, when Magistrate, havin' to sentence some of pals for playing a game of chance, to three-card trick, on the Puddleton *My* chance in Puddleton, when started addressin' me as Billy, would be cisely the same as that possessed by who tries to pick out the 'lady.' say, all the world to nothin'."

At that moment a fat gentleman entered, mopping his brow with a large

the ample Mayoral chain.
Thank heaven, it's over," he said. "I
Old Lady Smoaks was going on but-
your indefatigable efforts in the cause
day all night!"
caught sight of me and paused.
by the way," he continued uneasily, "the
Constable and Alderman Hodson want to
—er—a little Municipal business here."
That's all right," said Councillor Drayton.
young man used to sing in the choir at
church at home. He's fond of a game of
himself."
The Mayor positively beamed.
Then you'll join us?" he asked, pompously
ing a flabby hand.
promptly I prepared to leave.
I have an appointment," I said, "in two
minutes."
I had not; but, strangely enough, I prefer
games of "chance" with the Highly
table. You know at least what they are

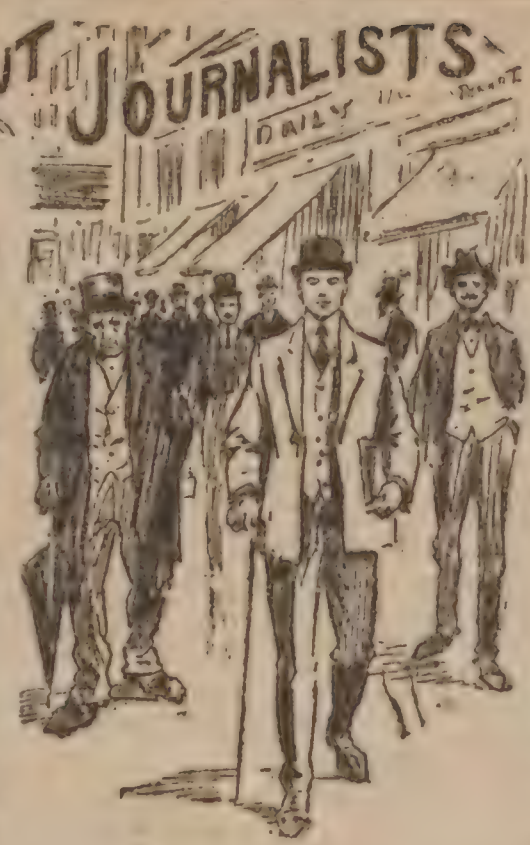
NOT A RIVAL OF MITCHELL'S.

e young man pulled up sharp, and, his arm
ng entwined in that of the young woman,
pulled up too.
There was some excuse for their doing so, for
the other side of the street stood two ladies,
one of them was waving her hands above,
and, and in front of her head in the most
rtling manner.
Is she," asked the young man, "a Suffra-
is she demonstrating physical cul-
!" said the girl, who knew what
"She's only describing her new

GERMAN COLLEGE DUELS.

re is duelling so popular as in the
Universities. There the students have
ing clubs, just as ours have clubs for
and cricket.
student who has the slightest pretence
is a member of the duelling club of
particular college. Each of these organisa-
has its captain and officials, who wear a
uniform, consisting of a gold-laced
white breeches, gauntlets, and immense
To be entitled some day to wear
is the ambition of each member.
Saturday afternoon duels are arranged,
sentative of one club being pitted against
another. Generally the contest
in the garden attached to a beer-
and the place is always crowded with
supporters of the fighters.
The weapons used are known as "schlagers,"
are swords about three feet in length,
edged and sharp as razors.
re is no protecting button on the tip, the
precaution taken being in regard to the
ing of the duellists. They are encased in
ded suits, and their right arms are wound
out with silk, thickly enough to turn any
Ordinary cut.
A leather shield protects the throat, and
oggles of wire gauze cover the eyes, the strap
them passing over the ears to prevent
injury to them.
The face is thus the only part of the fencer
left
otected, and the duellists thrust and
one of them has sustained a cut.
est ends, and the wound of the
combat are much coveted by
student, and you will find him
a bandage over his forehead long after
scar has healed.
Before a member is considered as qualified
and is awarded the riband of honour he has to
fight three duels.
Sometimes it happens that one of the fighters
is killed, but this is not considered to be in the
crime, and the student who caused his death is
not expelled from his University, though
the only punishment meted out to him.

C. F. POWER.



THE TRUTH ABOUT JOURNALISTS

THE ROMANCE OF FLEET STREET—OR THE LACK OF IT.

Like the stage, there is a certain glamour about Fleet-Street—to the uninitiated.

"Brain-Street," some self-sufficient journalist once christened it, though, had he wished to be accurate, for once in a way, he would better have called it "Booze-Street"—at least in the old days.

Fleet-Street, however, has changed greatly of recent years, whether for the better or the worse, I am not sure.

The newspaper tide is setting steadily westward. Moreover, the character of journalism has been completely altered. If it ever were a profession, it is now essentially a trade. The majority of newspaper proprietors nowadays are simply successful and not too scrupulous shop-keepers, the average journalist a well-trained salesman or counter-jumper, who in some cases becomes a floor-walker and is then called an editor.

MY EXPERIENCE.

Sour grapes? Well, I suppose it is no use telling you it isn't, but as a matter of fact I bear no grudge against Fleet-Street. I seldom go there now, partly because my employment lies in other directions, partly because the friends who made it habitable after the gloss had worn off, which was mighty soon, have gone their several ways, some into great places in the literary world, others to the devil.

But I met some of the best fellows I ever knew in Fleet-Street—also some of the biggest rotters whose path it was ever my misfortune to cross.

As a matter of totally uninteresting autobiography, I went into Fleet-Street by chance; I was a ne'er-do-well at an unusually loose end; I had had enough of the Colonies, and I was uncertain whether to go on the stage or into journalism, perhaps the only two callings for which neither references nor preliminary examinations are required.

I chose journalism, partly because it seemed to me the less unmanly profession of the two, party because an unfeeling brute of a theatre manager wanted me to shave off my moustache.

But enough of gratuitous and unwanted gas about myself; the point is that there was to me a glamour about Fleet-Street when I went into it.

THE BEGINNER'S VISION.

I pictured myself lunching at the same table with great editors and brilliant leader writers, jolly Bohemian chaps who would share their last shilling with me, and be positively thirsting to give me a chance and to recognise that genius which I was sure they would be able to discover, though I couldn't.

Alas! I have never lunched with a great editor or a brilliant leader-writer.

My experience is that great editors never lunch; anyway, they seem to feed in secret places, and I am sure that the last place they would dream of patronising would be anywhere where they would be likely to meet a free-lance journalist.

As for the struggling journalist who would dare to approach an editor at feeding time—in the almost inconceivable event of his tracking the great man to his lair—well, Mr. Carnegie's Heroes' Fund would be exhausted at one swoop.

Then as for meeting brilliant leader-writers or really successful journalists in Fleet-Street—I mean in taverns and so on—well, you simply don't.

The big men don't go on gin-crawls. If they come into Fleet-Street it is merely on the way to their office, and they depart from it as soon as their work is done.

Who then does one meet in Fleet-Street bars? A good many youngsters, who are by way of seeing life through the bottom of a pewter tankard, but chiefly failures. I like them, these failures, though some of them are utterly worthless, while others would be pleasanter to meet if they spent more of their own money on soap and less of other people's on whisky.

Nevertheless, there are still some delightful characters to be met with in Fleet-Street; "no-goods," I daresay, but immensely attractive in their sublime indifference to the needs of the morrow, their Micawber-like certainty that something will turn up, and their remarkable skill in solving the problem of living on nothing.

I have known some genuine "characters" such as Dickens would have loved. Old "Daddy Hayes" was one. He was a most distinguished looking old man, whom strangers invariably mistook for a retired general officer, the illusion being heightened by the fact that through all his vicissitudes, which were many, Daddy preserved a really handsome fur coat, not one of your actor's rabbit-skin things, but a gentleman's overcoat, with black astrachan collar and cuffs.

So far from being a half-pay major-general, however, my venerable friend was a hack-writer of "blue" stories for a journal which sailed as near to the wind as it dared.

A NIGHT UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

"Daddy" got locked up one night, owing to a mistaken attempt to usurp the duties of the policeman on point-duty. They took him to the station, when, so he afterwards told me, he called the inspector every name that an "excited" Irishman—Daddy was very Irish—could think of applying to a Saxon bobby. They put the old man in a cell, let him sleep it off, and then let him go home, and he heard no more about it, ever since when I have had a great respect for the police.

Then—but space fails. Five of my quondam Fleet Street friends have since done time for offences ranging from burglary to cashing "stumers," yet they were quite good chaps. I question whether any half as good are to be found in Fleet Street to-day.

There was much squalor and drinking in the old days, but there *was* some good-fellowship. Nowadays, journalists are mainly engaged in trying to cut each other's throats.

F. B. BARCLAY.

HOW BETTING MEN WORK.

The professional betting man does not select his "fancy" in any haphazard way.

He leaves that sort of thing to women, who are fond of backing a horse because the colours worn by the jockey are the same as their own dresses, or happen to resemble their sweetheart's eyes.

Above all things, the racing man is a mathematician of the first order, and you who are not in the "business" would be amazed, as I was at the first sight, to find how very little the professional backer leaves to chance.

Unlike the man who has other business to attend to all day, and has a trifle each way on a "fancy," after glancing at a paper when his governor is not looking, the professional backer approaches the bookmaker on fair ground.

The bookmaker is a business man, and to stand an even chance with him it is necessary to deal with him on a business basis.

C. F. WATTS.

THE MAJOR.

A SKETCH.

There was a bit of a mystery about him. His name was his own, I think, but I am not quite so sure about the title.

Of course he may have obtained it in the old days of purchase, for even his age was a matter of controversy. Some men gave him such a liberal allowance of years as would permit him to have been through the Mutiny. Others averred that his weather-beaten appearance was due to something less honourable than foreign service.

There was no mistaking the fact that he had been a soldier—of some sort; but when I knew him he suggested the Lost Legion.

He was hardly ever known to speak of his past life. He was one of the few men who are reticent in their cups.

But once, I remember, he showed me his sword, observing, as he drew it from its scabbard: "This has a nice little graveyard of its own."

And he said it as if he was troubled by his conscience—which was a possession nobody gave him credit for.

"Why did you leave the Army?" I asked, and he shut up like an oyster.

He was a good all-round sportsman, and as good a judge of a horse as could be found in the three Kingdoms.

He said the War Office employed him, but the statement, like many another, was never verified.

He was always hard up and yet he was always well groomed, and must have gone to a first-class tailor.

I have known him borrow a few coppers to tip the waiter; on principle, he said, he never gave silver.

He would drink at anybody's expense, and do his best friend.

He would sponge on any man or woman who had money and sporting tastes.

He had nothing in his possession that he would not part with—at a price, and I believe he had no scruples at times about putting himself in pawn.

At driving a bargain he could give the devil points. He was the meanest chap I ever came across, though he could be generous at another's expense.

Often he was.

I recollect that he presented me once (I was a bit of a poultry fancier in those days) with a sitting of eggs, observing in his usual grandiloquent style: "My noted prize-winning strain."

After they had hatched, I discovered that he had bullied a big poultry fancier out of them.

He laughed when I said, "Why, those eggs were So-and-So's," and merely replied with dignity, "Yes, the fellow's in my debt."

He posed as a lady-killer, but from personal observation I should say he showed a preference for those whom somebody else had winged.

Perhaps it was to his credit that he only fingered damaged goods.

He was an ugly-tempered man and simply revelled in rows. In fact it was usual to excuse him in the prescribed formula: "Owing to the Major's present state of mind."

But there were times when one forgot that he was a sot, a roué, and one who played Life's game very low down.

When he could be got to talk, he showed that there had been another side to his character, for he had been a devotee of the Muses, and he was no mean critic of art.

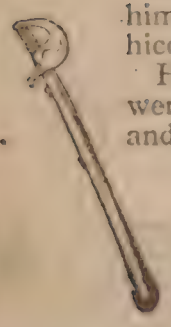
The Major belonged to that great brotherhood who are best described as "Nobody's enemy but their own."

He would have sold his soul for a dram.

But he was no coward. You could imagine him defending a pass and dying with a drunken hiccup of defiance.

He was, in short, a blackguard, but there were things he might have done and did not, and for those I shall always think kindly of him.

CHARLES WATSON.



MY NOTEBOOK.

AN EVENING OFF.

The other evening I went out to post a letter, and when I reached the village street I heard terrific cheering coming from one of the local hotels. I presumed that there was a smoker on, or something else that I had not got wind of, and I gave the matter no further attention.

Just after I had consigned my letter to the pillar box, however, I met a man who informed me that the "Henley Wreckers" were in the village. He had been up at Henley during the week of the regatta and had met them there. He told me some of the things they had done.

On one occasion, for example, they were rightfully refused drinks by a Henley publican after eleven o'clock, but, instead of taking their refusal submissively, they went down to the river, brought up a canoe, and used it as a battering ram to force an entrance.

They paid for all damage next morning.

"DON'T," BUT THEY DID.

As my friend and I walked up the street, we heard stentorian shouts of "Papers!" and a moment later four young men came round the corner bearing in front of them the newsagent's poster boards. My own poster that week consisted of the one word "DON'T," and one of them was carrying this in triumph before him.

They passed us at the double, and when I came opposite the paper shop I found the newsagent standing on his doorstep laughing.

One might have expected him to be angry, but, strange as it may appear, no one in all our village was annoyed with these young men. As someone remarked to me afterwards, they were up to any devilment, but throughout it all they remained gentlemen.

My friend and I went into one of the local hotels, and while we were there the "Wreckers," weary of carrying the posters, came in. My friend introduced them to me, and we were pals right away. They were all about my own age, and possessed of that whole-heartedness that is irresistible. One had just come down from Magdalen, and one from Balliol, while the remaining two were old Etonians.

It was close upon eleven o'clock when I met them, and when the hour struck we had, according to the rigour of the law, to take our departure. We adjourned to my friend's house, it being nearer than mine, and there we held a sing-song till one o'clock in the morning.

Do not make a mistake. This was not a drunken orgie. The liquor consumed was negligible, and there was no need for it, for my four new friends had that abounding spirit which needs no stimulating.

It was a merry evening, and during it I thought more than once of you, my readers, and how much you would have enjoyed being there. It was mostly singing, but there was a step dance or two and a sorry attempt at a waltz.

Shortly after one o'clock in the morning, my friend and I saw them down to their punt, where they were sleeping for the night; and on the quiet I had a look to see that the mooring chain was perfectly secure, for this was just the sort of thing that they would have neglected, and I had no wish to hear that they had been carried down by the current and tipped into the river at the next weir.

JUDGING PEOPLE.

You might say that these young men were rowdies, and judging by the noise which first brought them to my notice, I thought so too; but any such verdict would be grossly unjust.

My friend, who had seen much of them at Henley, told me that, though they were always up to mischief, he had never known them to be foul-mouthed or to do anything which was ungentlemanly or unsportsmanlike.

We have in our village other young men, more or less permanent residents, who periodically make a feeble attempt at painting the place red. They do it mostly for self-adver... and instead of making themselves in the es... tion of the villagers the bucks they would to be, they merely bring down upon thems... contempt and ridicule. Between them ... four young men I have been telling you ... although their actions might in some ... be considered similar, there is the ... yawning gulfs.

Therefore I have resolved, as Buster ... says, never again to class any man into a gr... or to judge him by others who might have ... faint resemblance to him.

A PERSONAL MESSAGE.

I have just been exam... weekly account of sales which ... publishers send me each Friday ... and I have been comparing it with ... others which I keep in my desk.

The circulation has been climbing up ... and as I look at the latest account and ... improvement upon the previous week, I ... it is my duty to offer a word of thanks to ... who are responsible for this result.

Why has this paper succeeded?

According to the kind letters ... readers are good enough to send me, ... cess of THE MODERN MAN has been ... to my own personality; and I am inf... men in the know that it is only the r... of the need of this personality that has pr... the large journalistic trusts from bringing ... an imitation of THE MODERN MAN.

It might be pleasing for me to suppose ... the success of the paper was wholly a matter ... my own doing; to believe this would be flatter... ing to one's vanity, but vanity is a thing ... I do not possess.

The success of THE MODERN MAN ... some measure be due to myself, but ... truth of the matter is this: by luck or ... management—probably by luck—I have ... able to produce a paper which strikes a ... sive note in my readers. Therefore they ... upon my publication as something ... an ordinary bit of paper and printing, ... regard me in rather a more friendly ... they do the majority of editors.

TWO FRIENDS I HAVE NEVER MET.

Absolute strangers have ... my paper and increased ... lation more enthusiastic ... my own personal friends ... the pleasing news the other ... ing from a Barnes reader, that he had ... for me twenty-three new buyers of the ... This morning I have two pictures ... from a Belfast reader who is making ... tour round the north and west coast ... land, and he informs me that he intends ... me a postcard from every place he visits ... regards me as an old pal, although I have ... heard from him before.

These two little instances explain ... the success of THE MODERN MAN. ... of our circulation is not due to me. ... know my business and do all in my ... foster my interests; it is due to the ... there are in the hearts of my readers ... same sentiments, likes and dislikes ... be found in myself. Consequently they ... taken as much interest in the paper ... they would in the business of a friend.

AN ATTEMPT TO EXPRESS MY FEELINGS.

I acknowledge this ... gratefully and give the ... where it is due. I have spoken ... in my venture because ... have supported me. To ... all I offer my most sincere thanks.

"Thank you" is a phrase that has become ... threadbare; what it means depends on the ... of the voice behind it. When I say it to ... my readers, I *mean* it. I speak it not ... the tongue, but from the heart.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

HOLIDAY VALUE FOR MONEY.

SEASIDE OR COUNTRY? WHICH IS THE BEST?

... brush up your toothbrush and ... and hurry off to spend, or rather waste, ... annual fortnight's holiday at the same old ...side resort that you are heartily sick of, it ... pay you in wealth and health and leisure ... if you will consider for five minutes ... facts of actual experience here set out in ... and white.

... you have had it so persistently dinned into your ... that a holiday can only be spent properly at ... popular seaside resort, that it has missed ... notice that inland England offers nearly ... advantages of the seaside, and others be- ... at a price which is something less than ... that of the crowded watering place. ... Would you walk, cycle, ride, fish, drive, play ... cricket or tennis, bathe, eat, drink, and be ... merry? All these things can be done as well in ... country as at Laundry-on-Sea.

... the country you have in all directions a ... playground to yourself.

... headquarters are a roomy, comfortable ... where a very different spirit presides ... which reigns in the esplanade board- ...

... are unrestricted in your movements. You ... sleep the day away beneath the orchard ... in delicious solitude as comfortably as in ... deck chairs of a crowded "front." ... "Your food will cost you"—less. Every- ...ing will cost you less, as the following tables, ...representing the expenses of two actual holi- ...days in recent years, will show:

THE SEASIDE RESORT.

	£	s.	d.
...tiny bedroom, per week	0	18	6
...week's food (3 meals a day).....	1	1	0
...week's extras: Fees for admis- ...everywhere, pier, etc., bathing ...ines, charabanc drives, drinks, ... at an average of 3s. a	1	1	0
... day	0	10	6
.....	£3	11	0

THE INLAND FARM.

	£	s.	d.
... the run of a com- ...and a large farm, un- ...food and home-brewed ale ...ter, per week	1	10	0
... horse for a morning canter twice	0	5	0
.....	£1	15	0

...ans that for the very doubtful advan- ... a holiday among thousands of ...ers, with the attendant com- ... prices, you will pay in the ... weeks (on what are really abso- ...to the pleasure of life) a sum of £3 12s. ... than you need.

I think you will doubt, with me, whether the ...privilege of spending your only holiday at some ...ular conventional sort of seaside resort is ... sacrifice. Long ago I came to the ...that it was not worth it.

... at the end of such inland holidays that ...dvantages are so obvious.

Instead of looking back on a period of torpor ...induced by the joint effects of sea air and in- ...dolence to inertia there is a glow of satisfac- ...tion at the thought of the holiday land, of the ...travels into unknown corners of the country, of a ...ent nearness to the earth and its life and ...rities, and a pleasant absence of the conven- ...tional stiffness of a full-blown resort panting for ...reputation for smartness and putting on all ...airs (and prices) of a miniature Riviera.

Give up the conventional sea-side holiday for ...one on a farm, and you will never regret the ...change.

G. LONGS.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Phew!" said the rabbit. "Things have been hot this morning, I *do* think."

The partridge stopped trimming her tail feathers, perked her head on one side, and began to feel interested.

"You're not talking about that Cockney sportsman?" she said. "He was the rottenest shot I ever came across. Why, you were perfectly safe, provided you kept still."

The rabbit scratched his left ear with his hind foot.

"It was not his gun exactly that I was afraid of," he said, "but, you see, I kept behind him, and one time the gun kicked so hard that it knocked him over and he nearly sat on me."

A MATTER OF CHOICE.

"Phyllis Ermyntrude," said the mistress—you have to call servants nowadays by their full baptismal names if you want to keep them—"I want you to be very careful when you are dusting the library not to touch the old master."

Phyllis Ermyntrude drew herself up to her full majestic height, which was about an inch more than her real one, for she wore high-heeled shoes, because some artist in a penny novelette had drawn a princess wearing shoes like that.

Phyllis Ermyntrude had a bit of imagination, especially when she invented excuses.

"Touch him?" she said, and there was ice in every syllable. "I wouldn't touch him if he was as rich as Carnegie. Touch him?" she continued, rubbing it in, "'tain't me that would touch the likes of him, and I can't understand how any woman would, but there's no accounting for tastes."

And she looked pointedly at her mistress and departed.

HIS PURPOSE.

The electric bell tinkled in the outer office four times. That meant the office boy, and Charles took the brandy ball out of his mouth, placed it in his least dusty pocket, and betook himself to the room of his employer.

"Charles," said that gentleman, "here is a shilling. Take it, my boy, and go to the matinee at the Gaiety this afternoon."

Put yourself in Charles's place and you may understand his feelings. He didn't quite know whether this was some sort of confidence trick or what it was, but anyhow it seemed that his chief must have some malicious purpose, for he was not in the habit of throwing about bobs and giving unasked-for invitations to matinees. But Charles decided to thank him in the conventional manner.

"It is very good of you, sir," he said, touching the forelock which he had carefully oiled over his shallow forehead. "Thank you very much, sir."

"Don't thank me," said the employer of Charles. "It's not a matter of generosity. I simply want you to learn a new tune. I'm getting tired of hearing you whistling the 'Teddy Bear's Picnic.'"

STYLE IN GAMES.

MANNERISMS AND METHODS OF THE MASTERS IN ALL FORMS OF SPORT.

Le style c'est l'homme, said a wise French writer, whose name momentarily escapes a treacherous memory. He, of course, was talking of literature, but in the more purely physical world of games style, too, is the outward and visible expression of a man's inward and more or less invisible self.

All great game-players have their distinctive and widely divergent styles. In cricket, for example, could anything be more in contrast than the classic grace of an L. C. H. Palairet and the revolutionary methods of a G. L. Jessop?

In golf, how utterly dissimilar are the "dour," strenuous tactics of Braid, and the easy, elegant style of Vardon.

In tennis we have the hard drivers and smashers, like N. F. Brookes and S. H. Smith, contrasting with the comparatively gentle "heady" work of the Dohertys.

In "Soccer" football there are the great centre forwards of the G. O. Smith type, fine shots on occasion, no doubt, but the essence of whose style is generalship, the avoidance of unnecessary exertion and rough-and-tumbles, a style which is totally different from the thrusting, rushing game of a Hilsdon or a George Wilson.

The list might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but the point is that in every game you will find in the front rank men who achieve the same results of success and supremacy by altogether dissimilar means. Palairet makes a hundred by a succession of orthodox strokes; Jessop by a thrilling exhibition of the heterodox. John Roberts seemed scarcely to take time to aim at the ball when compiling a huge break; Dawson even at his best was slow and laborious in his striking. Some very fine golfers swing like lightning; others, just as good, practise to the verge of exaggeration the gospel of "slow back." And so on. The style is the man, and from the way a man plays a game you can form a pretty accurate idea of his real nature and character.

Of course, there are bad styles as well as good, and often a pronounced style, good enough in itself, is allowed to degenerate or exaggerate into a mannerism which before long becomes a bad and incurable habit.

How is a good style to be acquired? It would be easier to say how a man gets into a bad style, which, paradoxically enough, is generally the result of watching a successful, but pronounced, stylist. The novice imitates the eccentricities of the great man. He thinks that, because his hero shapes for a stroke in such-and-such a peculiar fashion, he has only to get himself into a similar attitude to produce the same result. Of course, he finds himself badly mistaken. The style is the man, and in games you must express your own individuality, if you are going to do anything worth the doing.

At the same time, all successful style is founded on a knowledge and mastery of the elementary principles of a game. Mr. Palairet and Mr. Jessop, to mention them once again, drive in very different ways, but the result in each case is the same, namely, the ball is met with the full face of the bat.

Before you can develop style, you must make certain of the simplest strokes. That is where so many young game-players go wrong; they want to start as stylists, whereas style is the fruit of first learning your A B C.

Never attempt to copy the style of some great player. Learn first the methods that all admit to be correct, and allow your own style to develop naturally.

A player should first master the orthodox, before he attempts to break away from tradition. The orthodox will sometimes fail him, but let him keep on pegging away, and then, if he has any real genius for the game he favours, he will eventually and unconsciously develop a style and strokes and methods of his own which will place him among the top-sawyers.

F. VERE DICKINSON.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

HOLIDAY EXERCISE.

With too many people their holiday instead of being a time of relaxation is a time of over-exertion, and as most of my readers will probably be holiday-making either now or during the next month or so, a word in season may prove useful.

The main object of a holiday is after all that you should come back as fit as possible, and not that you should cram as much into it as possible, so that you return to work absolutely stale at the end of it.

One ought to train for a holiday, almost as if it were some athletic event.

That may sound like an exaggeration, but there is no doubt that the average man gets through more strenuous physical exercise in a week's holiday than he would in a month at his ordinary work, especially if that is principally brain-work.

If he is a physical culturist, it is advisable for him to drop his exercises while on his holiday, partly in order to get an absolute change from the usual routine, partly because he will probably get enough exercise without them.

The most important thing, if you mean to get the full benefit from your holiday, is to take plenty of sleep. Eight hours should be the absolute minimum, and ten is by no means too much.

If you go to the seaside, or to any particularly bracing climate, you will feel the want of sleep, and nothing else can stave off a feeling of physical fatigue which might otherwise spoil the enjoyment of your holiday.

Above all, do not do too much. You need never mind being called a slacker when you are on your holiday.

FOR SHOULDERS, BACK AND CHEST.

Stand at attention with the hands at the sides, being careful to throw the chest well out and force the shoulder blades together.

Now bend forward stiffly from the waist, until the upper and lower parts of the body are at right angles to each other.

An exercise which develops by means of a steady strain.

The arms, which will hitherto have been kept close to the sides, must now be raised above and behind the body to the fullest extent possible.

Hold them there for a short time, keeping the strain on them, so that the chest is pressed outwards and the shoulders forced together.

The strain on the back of the legs which is caused by the position of the body will have a beneficial effect upon them, though they are not actually in motion, but if it becomes painful, the exercise should be discontinued for a time.

After a short pause return the arms to the sides, without letting them drop further, and straighten the body, which should never bend anywhere but at the waist.

The hands must be kept open, and when they are extended the palms should be turned upwards.

If it is especially desired to exercise the upper arm muscles, a good variant of this exercise is to clench the fists, so as to tense the arm muscles, and to twist the arm slowly as far each way as possible.

A SATYR,

After Praxiteles.

In the Capitol Museum, Rome.

THE PERFECT PHYSIQUE.

The man who possesses the perfect physique is rarely the man who can lift more pounds or run a mile in fewer seconds than anyone else.

Those who excel at individual sports have specialised in them, and therefore sacrificed their chances of approaching the ideal development.

Perfect proportion and beauty of figure are the things to be aimed at, even at the risk of forfeiting to some extent the admiration of your fellow men.

Beauty sounds an effeminate term to apply to the physique of a man, but after all it is applied to statues and to pictures, and health and beauty rather than cups and prizes should be the end of the physical culturist.

Not only is the man who goes in for a number of different sports or games, usually superior in physique to the man who specialises in one, but he is usually a much pleasanter companion.

The specialist in any branch of human activity, mental or physical, is extremely apt to become a crank, and a crank is never a desirable comrade.

The all-round athlete is usually sounder both in mind and body.

A WRIST AND ARM EXERCISE.

Stand erect, with the arms dropped at the sides.

Clench the fists and tense every muscle in the arms.

Now raise the knuckles of each hand, so that the front of the wrist is pointng downwards to the ground.

Having forced the back of the hand as far upwards as it will go, bring it slowly back until the knuckles are against the thighs, as in the sketch, and the back of the hand towards the ground.

Next twist the wrist round, so that the hand revolves round it towards the rear, and ultimately arrives at the reverse position to that depicted, with the elbows and back of the wrist inwards, and the fists outwards.

A splendid arm developer.

Pause a second and, still keeping the muscles tensed, let the hands revolve back as far as they will go in the other direction, returning finally to the position shown in the sketch.

Then the exercise may be commenced again from the beginning, but half-a-dozen times should be enough for the average day's practice of this particular exercise.

THE REFRESHMENT OF A GOOD SWEAT.

Call it perspiration if you like, but sweating is essentially a natural and cleanly process, so it is just as well to call a spade a spade in this case.

The man who never exerts himself sufficiently to sweat profusely misses half the joy of life.

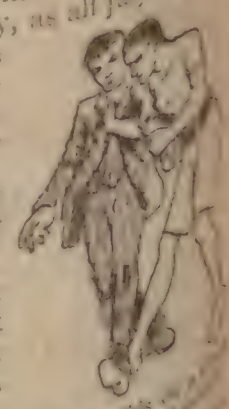
But if you set out with the intention of bringing out a good healthy sweat be careful to change your clothes, and to be clad as lightly as possible, or you may do more harm than good.

And when you have forced the impurities out of your system through the pores, have a bath and a good rub down, and you will feel far more refreshed than if your perspiration had been induced by the artificial means of a Turkish bath.

JU-JITSU.

11th LESSON.

The hold depicted in the sketch bears a similarity to the "come along" hold given on this page in a previous number; but while this can also be used as a means of compelling a man to go with you a mile (in which case it is extremely improbable that he will manifest any desire to go with you twain), it is best employed as a means of flooring him.



If done quickly and neatly, as all ju-jitsu must be if they are to be effective, it should prove an exceptionally easy method of getting your man at your mercy.

It is immaterial, of course, on which side of his body you approach him, or which arm and leg you use, but for simplicity let us suppose that you are on his left, as is our physical culturist in the sketch.

Grasp your opponent's left wrist with your left hand, and at the same time slip your right under his left, until you can grasp the left side of his coat on the *opposite* side of his body.

This gives you a good leverage, and you can swing his right shoulder forward, while you are in a position, should you wish it, to break his left arm, or to occupy his attention fully with some most uncomfortable twinges.

Having once got your grip with both hands, slip your right foot behind his left, kick it away from under him, and he is bound to collapse.

You must waste no time over throwing your adversary off his balance, or you will give him the opportunity to get in a very useful blow with his right fist, and the laugh may be on you.

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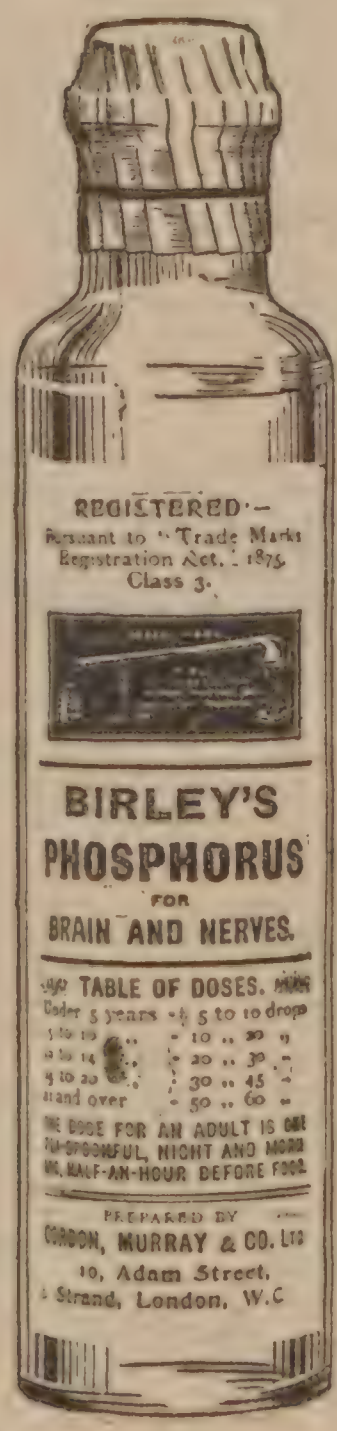
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AUSTRALIA'S LEADER.

AN ARTICLE FOR CRICKET ENTHUSIASTS.

By ROBERT ABEL.

There is no more remarkable figure in the cricket world than M. A. Noble.

He is now 36 years old, and his first big chance came in 1894 in the match between 15 Sydney Colts and Stoddart's team, and he made 153. Then he was dropped for two seasons, until, as he himself says, "I began to wonder if I should ever get another chance, but in the season 1896-7 I was tried again. Then I began to make runs, and against 15 of New South Wales I was fortunate enough to make 60, at a time when runs were badly wanted, and I was never left out again."

In Inter-state Cricket for New South Wales, an eleven has never been reckoned at full strength without him, since those early days thirteen years ago.

It was at Sydney, where they have the best equipped ground in the world, and against Victoria—the side that has suffered most from his prowess—that in his first innings he made 71 out of a total of 159, and was the only batsman who played the magnificent bowling of Hugh Trumble and Roche with any confidence; in the second essay he scored 153 not out, and here he displayed that off drive and square cutting and that precision in timing, extending through a long innings, which was to be hardly excelled or equalled by any of the great masters.

FIVE HUNDRED IN THREE MATCHES.

A few seasons ago he made over 500 runs in three big matches between December 4th and 21st inclusive, including 230 and 147 in the match against South Australia.

His performances with the ball were likewise remarkable. It was against an English team that he first gave evidence of his ability, by taking seven wickets, and all the English players thought him difficult because of his curl in the air, and in one match he did the hat trick. Altogether he has made over 12,000 runs in first class matches, and has an average of 57 per innings.

He came to England in 1899. When he was chosen for the Shield games, the Bank at which he was employed refused him leave of absence, and he promptly resigned his place in it.

He made a century in his first match against an English side in his initial tour. In the Test at Old Trafford in 1899 he accomplished a fine feat for his side, for in his two innings he batted for nine hours for a gross total of 149 runs, but it saved his side, and since that time the English bowlers have had a wholesome respect for him.

A SPLENDID INNINGS.

Three years later he played one of the greatest innings of his career, making 284 against Sussex at Brighton, and three years later still he came near equalling his performance, scoring 257 in the same match. He was in magnificent run-getting form, and on his return home his average was 90.

Two years after this Australian critics put him down as a spent force with the ball. His answer was strikingly complete, for against Victoria he had a dozen wickets, and 7 for 48 against New South Wales.

Perhaps it may be true that he has now seen his best days as a bowler, but on a wicket that helps him at all he is still to be feared, and is always a good change bowler.

He first lead Australia against England when P. F. Warner visited Sydney.

The incidents of that match are still remembered. England led by nearly 300 on the first innings, but thanks to a 185 not out by Trumper, England only won by five wickets. It was in this match that Clem Hill was given out L.B.W. by the Australian umpire, Crockett. The demonstration against the umpire was such that Warner was actually asked if he had squared Crockett?

Mr. Warner said that no one who was not there could conceive the noise of hissing and yelling, which went on right up to the drawing of stumps. Even such seasoned players as Hirst and Rhodes were quite upset, and Noble was very angry about the whole incident.

The testimony of Mr. Warner after the tour was as follows: "In Noble, their captain, they possess the finest all-round cricketer in the world on Australian wickets, and not only a great cricketer, but a great captain and a great sportsman."

A RIVAL'S APPRECIATION.

A. O. Jones, the last leader of the English team, fully confirmed this opinion, and only one more word need be added. Noble never played to the gallery, and was never as popular with the crowd as some of his colleagues, yet he is exceedingly courteous and open-handed in any matter of hospitality.

He has sacrificed much for Australian cricketers. When he left the Bank, he became a dentist, and in connection with this there is a story which has never been told in print. Just on the eve of leaving for England two tours ago, he found that the gentleman whom he had engaged as his assistant on the morning of sailing had not turned up.

As usual his decision was prompt. Taking his choice between a thriving business and his engagement, he refused to upset the team, and, closing down his business, he came away without a moment's hesitation.

DENTIST AND CRICKETER.

His unselfishness met with its reward. He has filled up his spare time studying everything relating to British and American dentistry; today he is at the very top of his profession.

Of his unselfishness many stories could be told, and everyone well remembers how, as he had led Australia against P. F. Warner's side, he was the popular choice for captain. J. Darling emerged from his retirement, and at once Noble stood gracefully aside, and came as vice to England. Then again Montague became skipper, and four figure receipts from the benefit match last year fully attest his popularity.

UGLINESS.

No man can be said to be ugly if his face has two characteristics.

These are strength and kindliness.

Consider those whom you know and who are reckoned ugly. What is the matter with them? They lack these qualities.

A straight nose and beautiful eyes only make a man like a novelette hero; of course, the possession of fine features is something to be proud of, but not unless there is obvious strength and kindliness accompanying them.

If you want a strong face you must make your body strong, and physical culture is the way to do it. The face muscles develop along with your arms and legs and all the rest of you.

To attain a kindly expression is not so easy.

The only way to get it is to harbour none but generous thoughts—in fact, to make yourself a sportsman in the best sense of the word.

THE AWAKENING.

HOW A MAN CAME TO HIS CROSS R

He had first made her acquaintance picnic on the river.

And he lost his heart to the siren with azure eyes and the red gold curls.

And his head.

So much so that he forgot what his father had told him before he left hom

How could he remember with those smiling into his?

He lived in Bohemia, that vague where men always wear rose-coloured sp

They wandered in the shady meadows alfresco meal. Somehow they had got sep from the others—a common practice—and began to talk foolishly.

He was good to look at, a nice kisses were as genuine as th prompted them.

She knew the real from the counterfeit.

He whispered that she was a wood nymph that green frock and rose-wreathed hat. laughed, and there was more of Babylon of Arcadia in her laughter.

He sat on the grass beside her and dreamed and she listened to his dream.

The sun was in his eyes, or he would seen the mingled mockery and regret whi like a shadow on her beautiful face. told them that they were discovered. The was over.

And the lad went back to his studio to the dream by himself.

* * * * *

Again those two wandered by the river, this time the picnic party consisted of selves, and he was no longer in Bohemia Paradise.

"I've told them about you at home," he

And a look he had never seen before came her lovely azure eyes. Was it horror or fea shame? he wondered in after years.

"It's cold," she said.

"I'm going to see you home," was all answered.

"No! no!" For one brief second she hesitated "Come and see me to-morrow night."

"And I shall bring the ring," he whispered as he put her into a taxi.

* * * * *

There was not a trace of Arcadia about room.

There were masses of exotic blossoms, and air was heavy with their scent—and tobacco. There had been an orgie there night, judging from the overturned chairs the glasses shattered on the floor. Worse that, there were other men there and women.

He looked round. For what? For the little girl in the world.

And he saw?

A siren in a shimmering sea green diaphanous as water, with a cigarette her lips and his gift of pink roses bosom—the very personification of Evil Trinity against which his warned him.

She took the cigarette out of her smiled at him; it was the same smile wood nymph's down by the river, and yet

But he still wore the rose-coloured spectacles.

"Go into the next room, all of you," she commanded, and they went, laughing and making jests at which the lad blushed.

Then he frowned and his face grew

"You would come, you know," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "and I have brought ring."

"Go!" she said hoarsely. "I thought would understand at last."

And the rose-coloured spectacles never to be again put on.

He went.

And the woman, with a sob strangled in throat, darted to the spot where the and clutched it.

A. M.

Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

NERVE IN BUSINESS.

I do not know that nerve is quite the right word to describe that self-confidence which is required of all business men. Nerve is a little suggestive of cheekiness, and that is a thing which ssful business man never descends to. ! want to say is that—call it what you fidence in manner or self-assurance is sential for success in commerce.

mind one man who has made him- tential fortune, and who is busily en- another.

as an errand boy at the very bottom ; his politeness, and willingness to the foreman of the factory to take interest in him and to apprentice him. ed his time, but he was much too strong man to be held in the bondage of manual labour.

His career has not been romantic in any way; he is simply gifted with an exceptional amount of talent, and he has turned it to the fullest account.

Eventually he brought so much business to m that he was taken into partnership, and the present moment is the head of that firm, and moreover head also of a ring of similar firms.

He is very important man in the world of London to-day. For all that, if you meet him you would not for a suppose that he was a person of the importance.

e is thirty-five, but he would pass for ng between twenty and twenty-five. He s fair-haired, clean-shaven, and rather short, and his expression is boyish in its simplicity.

When you meet him, it is absolutely impos- sible to convince yourself that he is really the great person you have heard of. Not only is his appearance too youthful, but he also lacks nerve. In spite of his undoubted talents, and in spite of his knowledge of his own importance which is bound to impress, I have seen his fingers tremble when he was interviewing a client for the first time.

He lacks it, and I believe he never will have it. He lacks it, but he makes up for it by nervous cleverness.

He is the sort of man that you might inter- view and consider you had thoroughly beaten in a business deal, but you would never beat him. His weakness lies altogether in his appearance and manner. There is none of it in his corre- spondence or in any dealings which he under- takes.

In these business notes I have never pretended that success can be attained by anyone, for I am convinced that it cannot. My efforts have been directed towards giving hints, according to my experience, which may enable you to play the game of business a little better by making some alteration in your methods.

I have cited a case where a man has won for himself success although he is absolutely lack- ing in nerve, and I do not know that it is a striking illustration to my point, but I believe that if this man had pos- sessed nerve, he could have carried the world before him. As it is, he has done uncommonly well, but as it might have been, he would have made a record.

There are undoubtedly many who experience nervousness, cowardice, or whatever it is that makes a man shaky at a first interview, and if you have suffered from this feeling, I should advise you to overcome it.

In these days of hard competition, every little asset counts.

It is not probable that you are gifted with the remarkable intellect of the man I have been speaking about, for he is exceptional, for he manages to counteract the effects of his nervous- ness by sheer brain force; but I take it that you, like myself, are anxious to turn everything to account and to have no sort of brake upon your progress, and nervousness is undoubtedly a brake.

The way to get rid of it is by wont and use.

Force yourself a hundred times a day into circumstances which make you nervous, and eventually custom will rid you of your timidity.

That is a much more certain method than any exercise of will power. If you are the possessor of a very strong will, you may force yourself to remain calm during an interview that really alarms you, but there will be about your manner a restraint which will seem strange to the person with whom you are dealing.

I knew one man who had inherited a fair sum of money, and he contemplated starting a busi- ness of his own with it. He was the victim of such nervousness as I have been speaking of, and he set himself to get rid of it in a manner which I think was excellent.

He became a commercial traveller.

He absolutely hated to interview possible customers for the first time, but he forced him- self to overcome his reluctance, till eventually no interview was a trouble to him.

When his nervousness had gone for ever, he set up on his own account, and he has done remarkably well.

If you are a victim to business nervousness, cure yourself of it in the same, or in a similar, manner before you attempt to establish a busi- ness of your own.

SIMPLE COMMODITIES.

It is not wise in business to try too much in the way of innovation. It is not, as a rule, advisable to attempt to educate the public taste and to induce them to take up some absolutely new commodity.

By far the safer course is to supply the people with something which they already need and use.

Of course, in such commodities—grocery, tobacco, boots, clothes, and so on—there is already much competition, and therefore it is essential for the new trader to supply better quality, or to dress his windows more attrac- tively, or to sell cheaper than his neighbours.

The clever man is too often anxious to make a fortune by pioneering in absolutely new direc- tions.

It is far better for him to use his talent in old and proved lines, at least for a time; then when he has made a competence in that direc- tion, he may satisfy his longings by starting an entirely new venture, and, if it fails, as it very well may do, the burden will not be felt so much.

THE MAKING OF PROFIT.

The majority of men choose their trades or professions by instinct rather than by cold or calm reasoning; and against the instinctive choice there is generally very little to be said, for the strong inclination for a particular line of business is an admirable asset in the over- coming of difficulties that may arise in con- nection with it.

But there are other men who deliberately choose a trade because they think that it is the business of the future, or because they know that other men are making money at it.

But it is necessary to be most cautious when you choose a trade like this, simply for its money-making possibilities. You have not the perpetual encouragement of liking your work to help you through the day's labours, and if the business does not quite meet your expecta- tions, it is not unlikely that you will get stale, that you will neglect it, and that you will eventually allow it to drift to ruin.

Should there be any reader of this paragraph who contemplates starting a new business, or changing his present one, I should advise him to practise a combination of the two courses suggested above.

Let him select a business which is not already over-exploited, and where he has a reasonable probability of making money; let him also set his choice upon one that his heart desires.

COMPENSATION.

In spite of the Compensation Act, by which employers are made liable for injuries sustained by their workpeople in the course of their labour, there have come to my notice several instances where the employer's liability has been carefully and unscrupulously avoided.

I have in mind one particular instance where a man, through an accident, was disabled for life, and where he was consequently entitled to an annuity so long as he lived.

Instead of giving it to him, his employer summoned him to the office, offered him a couple of hundred pounds cash down, and per- suaded him, in consideration of this, to sign a receipt accepting it as full compensation.

In a matter of this sort the employée should, of course, have refused to accept, or to sign anything, except after being advised to do so by his solicitor. He was caught by the bait of a large lump sum.

It is scarcely necessary to say that he quickly spent the money, and that he is now in almost abject poverty.

BOGUS SOLICITORS' LETTERS.

A particularly dangerous deception is at pre- sent being practised by certain tradesmen. I refer to the sending out of letters, purporting to be from solicitors, to those customers who have failed to pay their accounts.

In some cases the tradesman will write such a letter himself, but in the majority of instances that have come to my notice he has had them done by some solicitor's clerk for a small fee.

The police are now watching this matter closely, and there have recently been several convictions, as it is a criminal offence to pre- tend that you are a solicitor if you are not.

Should you receive a letter purporting to be from a solicitor, perhaps the simplest way of making sure whether it is genuine is to look up the directory, and see whether his name appears therein.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

It is necessary in every office—in fact, in every business whatsoever—for the employer to en- courage his employés. The usual way of doing so is by increasing the salaries paid to them, but no business could be run if increases were given every week, and the wise employer knows that there are other ways of encouraging his employées besides this one.

A little bit of congratulation or praise in season, especially from a man who is not in the habit of saying much, is often esteemed as greatly as an actual increase in the money drawn by the employée.

The premium system has been devised solely with a view to encouraging the employée, by letting him share in the profits of the business, and it is an excellent one, because his share depends wholly upon the prosperity of the concern.

If the business is not doing well his share is small; if the business is doing well he gets a larger sum, but in either case it is not missed by the employer.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXI. A FAIR ADVENTURE.

The annual Fair of Moulden was on.

Throughout the town blared the noise of the brassy music, becoming more noticeable as night shut down and the clamour of many of the chain-works was hushed.

Then to the erstwhile cheerless spot of waste ground flocked young and old, to wander about, packed tightly together; to journey upon the merry-go-rounds, a-squealing if a woman, practising acrobatic changes from one steed to another if a man young and daring; to gaze at the gorgeous fronts of still more gorgeous shows; to take one's chance with the cocoa-nuts, Aunt Sally, rifle-ranges, and what not—and altogether to have a downright rollicksome time of it.

It was not Richard's intention to partake of the merriment in person, though he was far from scorning the pleasure of such entertainment once one discarded the critical faculty and gave oneself up wholeheartedly to it. In early years the Fair had been his one splash of colour in an otherwise grey and unattractive life.

"Come on!" urged Jim Graill with much accent on the verb. "It belongs to dim, forgotten history my last experience of an English 'wake.' Let's renew our golden youth."

"You can go," said Richard, "if you're so keen on it. I'm sticking on here till nine o'clock. Work must come first, no matter what the inclination."

"Well, that's just about the time when the fun starts," went on Jim by way of further enticement. "Anyhow, I'm going up. I'm told the fat lady has charms peculiarly her own, a penny for inspection and tuppence for a handshake. Moist she is, and passing——"

"Oh, shut up," said Richard, "and clear! I may come along later. They've got a youngster at the boxing-booth, I hear, who's something out of the usual."

"You're right," agreed Jim. "They tell me he's taking on all comers and putting them to sleep as lovingly as babes. I thought of having a go with him myself. At one time I could use 'em a bit."

"Well, don't go and get damaged," said Richard. "They're not over particular what they do at these booths if one of their men looks like coming off second best."

They were conducting their conversation at the gates of Richard's works, from which all the clerks and, save for a few, all the workpeople had already left. Seven o'clock struck as they talked, and Richard turned about.

"I'd like to see you in the ring," observed Jim as a last thought. "Mark Gem was telling me that if you'd only let him train you he'd back you against the best at your weight in the country."

"O-ah," said Richard. "Well, circs. don't allow that sort of recreation nowadays. Besides, Mark's prejudiced in my favour, always has been, so you needn't pay much attention to what *he* says."

"I don't know so much about it," began Jim, but the conclusion of the eulogy never came, for Richard had left him standing there, and his figure was silhouetted against the rose glow emanating from the door of the engine-house as he crossed the yard.

II.

Richard was going through one of the resource-testing times inseparable from a business deficient in capital. The financial part of his commercial venture demanded infinite care, forethought and management.

Ambitious by nature to an extent that even he himself had no conception of, his instinct was to "get ahead" even if fuel seemed running short. As with all men who have the faculty of making a fortune, he was something of a gambler.

Though his intelligence was of too high an order to be misled into thinking that the money was to be made by the common methods of the Stock Exchange or by backing horses, he speculated with Fortune just as truly. His saving grace was lack of recklessness. He propitiated Fortune by the earnest use of all his forces, and when their limit was reached, confidence made him expect the fickle jade to prove his ally.

It would be using a vain description to call him fearless. He was a conqueror of fear. And to-night, after Jim had gone, he went back to his office to face facts, figures and a hostile army of circumstances.

That the combat was grim the electric light upon his face showed. His countenance set into rigidity, the mouth was a resolute band, bones in jaw and temple were prominent, the eyes glittered.

He worked rapidly, unhesitatingly. Letters were written and signed with his usual firm, unflourishing hand.

He was like a spider at the core of its web, busy, silent, going over all that had been made, strengthening here, renewing there.

He was the master-mind directing an army, an employer of strategy, frontal attack, the undermine, and, where necessary, even the retreat.

And all the time the bare possibility of defeat was a thrill.

At a quarter-past nine he got to his feet, looked about his office almost as if its appearance was strange to him, and gave a short, razor-edged sigh. It was a sigh of victory, not relief.

He slowly filled his pipe, eyeing the papers on his desk as a general would eye a battlefield.

"Well, that's that!" he said aloud, buttoning his coat.

Gathering up the letters to be posted, he went out. The sudden bray of the Fair met him, and he laughed. That this careless, rowdy diversion should have been going on while he fought his fight seemed odd, ridiculous. The fitting accompaniment should have been held breath.

The conceit made him laugh again. As if anything in the whole world mattered to the individual but himself—and the one Woman!

He went towards the post office first of all. The letters slid slowly from his hand into the letter-box; he listened for the faint plop when they reached the bottom, and for just another moment he stood, his head bent, contemplative.

The street was deserted; it was ill-lit, squalid. Discord insulted the air; hammers rang; dull sullen thuds shook the night, like an underblow at the strength and courage of man; and a little distance away the townspeople of Moulden were making merry, indifferent to past and future—bravely glad in the present. How strange and medley was life—and how mysterious a creation was man!

III.

The crowd at the Fair was even thicker than Richard had imagined. Passage was difficult. People flowed and ebbed slowly like a pool animated by independent undercurrents, with now and again rapid eddies as young fellows ch... laughing girls who dived wildly in all di... to escape volleying confetti.

The press of humanity warmed Richard, ... and heart. The reaction from ... imbued him with a hankering for ph... Devilry was at work within him now, ... for outlet.

Ere long he found himself among the cr... before the boxing booth, his eyes on the l... out for Jim.

A small platform was erected at the e... to the show, and upon it were three m... sweaters, one of them twirling a rattle vig... ously and bellowing invitation at the top of his voice. The other men dangled gloves, ... for an upraised hand to which to pitch ...

"All comers! all comers! Walk up, ... Now showing! Who's a man among y... Come along! Lads to match your size ... poundage! Hoo-ra-ay!"

Richard edged closer. If the sounds of ... plause from within were any criterion, ... exciting bout was already in progress.

"'Ere! You, sir?" The quick eye of the showman detected him. "Hooray!" he shouted as Richard caught the gloves. "Fair and square! Walk right up, right up!" He was spluttering with energy.

Richard ascended the steps, hearing his ... spoken on all sides.

"Strike! Richard Selby's gooin' t' 'ave a go! Bli'me, the guv'nor!" There was a loud jovial laugh. "Now for sport!"

A swift influx of business signalled Richard's entry, and the place, half-empty before, steadily filled.

The showman left his stand outside and came in to direct matters. To satisfy the ... audience in short time, get them out, and make room for another, was his sole desire.

"Now, then," he called, "who'll meet Buck Stanley, the champion eight-stun eight of the world?"

Richard was moving nearer ... Jim Graill climb into the ring from the ... side.

Buck Stanley, naked to the waist, ... slight beside Jim's athletic build. ... edged still nearer so as to get a better ... had never seen Jim box before.

The ring was small, and held out little ... for anyone anxious to evade punishment. ... it clambered the showman to turn out the ... pair of combatants, to yell commands ... to the gathering, and to referee the three ... rounds about to take place.

The principal duty of his refereeing, ... was to check the embracive tendencies ... novices came up, and to call Time if one of ... own men stopped a punch which made ... groggy.

When the novice was having the worst of it and bearing punishment good-temperedly, it ... peculiar how long the rounds were apt to be extended.

By the time the exhibition commenced ... Richard had worked his way to the ring-side. Jim, occupied with discarding coat, collar and waistcoat, had not seen him.

When he sparred, the showman looked sharply at him. Jim's height had lowered by half, ... back was a perfect curve, his gloves were ... slowly as if he were feeling for something ... the dark, and he watched his opponent's feet. ... was the American crouch, and ... for Buck Stanley, who was fully a ... stones lighter.

"Struth! you here?" came ... Richard's ear, and, turning, he ... Gem beside him. "Look at that!" ex... Mark excitedly. "Buck's agen class this ...

The exchanges were light, though ... was showing on the face of Stanley. ... blows were parried easily, and he was ... ignominiously tapped right and left. A ... naphtha lamp, suspended from the ceiling ... tent above them, threw queer shadows on the rough boards.

Stanley got nasty and used his ...

swept his arm out, and his oppo-
the ropes. He returned, and it be-
t on one side, met with cool, ruffling
the other.

ould see that Jim was declining to
rength on a smaller man.

er boxers attached to the show con-
at one corner of the ring to urge their
e. The third meeting was in progress.
could feel Mark's elbow jabbing his ribs
oved unconsciously with the blows.
er to one, Jim pure 'im out!" shouted
ing his hand on the boards of the

ught his eye, and Richard's, and made
indicating enjoyment.
sudden, just when the contest was quick
fierce, a black arm slid out from the side
he ring, gripped Jim's ankle, and floored him
As he went down an upper-cut
made his teeth rattle.
the lord!" said Richard, and, pushing
the way as though they were children,
passage to the quarter whence the
had come. Mark followed on his

was endeavouring to find his feet again,
unfair through rage—Stanley rushed upon
before he was up. In a trice the place was

Let 'im be!" was called from

furiously, the showman stopped the
On his feet again, Jim was arguing
with him, and had even lifted his
the showman have a taste of his re-
lick! It's my turn, now."
the words there came the smack of
n and a nigger staggered back and
earing two or three spectators with him.
had dealt him a buffet on the cheek.
ilment, indeed, had found its outlet.
Following the blow he leapt into the ring.
was bawling at once.
the way, you," said Richard to Stan-
picking him up, he dropped him over
s. "Let's have the nigger here; he's
y size."
heap of struggling men writhed, and then
desired opponent was thrust headlong
through the ropes.
RDER, ORDER!" shrieked the showman, who
in this affair a grand advertisement, if
y handled.
nigger was huge—fully six-feet-two in
and rippling with muscle. He submitted
gloved, the white of his eyes prominent

of this kind were not uncommon
of the boxing booth, and he was al-
man deputed to teach any who were
me a lesson.
was putting on Richard's gloves, utter-
emes upon them meantime.
" he exclaimed. "Might as well
et 'adden'. Yew ain't boozed?"
Richard anxiously, it occurring to
oily that explained the lapse from
tle got a laughing negative. Jim
g an impatient little step-dance, joy-
anticipatory. Neither he nor Mark had
slightest apprehension as to Richard's
listen," whispered Mark swiftly. "No
ss, mind! There's no *room*, see? Let
it—down low, see? No good touchin'
It's as 'ard as a brick! Down low,
ith the body when you'm close! And,
mill it!"
the ring, he stood gripping
watching with gimlet eyes,
e and joy to the ex-pugilist. And
at Richard could do, having taught
had ever learned.
talk of that fight in Moulden to this
It was brief, it was merciless, it was

nigger rushed, ignoring the cannonade
lows, and for fully three minutes (an eternity
of time when seeing trouble in the ring, let me tell you) they hacked and ripped and gasped, slipped and wrestled, round the insecure platform, while the house went mad.

Then, during a momentary breathing space, the nigger, his lips drawn back over the gums, dragged off his gloves and charged. A swift twist of Richard's body, a crashing body-swing right on the ear, and the nigger went into the people, taking the ropes with him.

There was a stampede for the door. Pandemonium reigned. Richard, Jim and Mark stood on the tottering boards.

There came a momentary blood-freezing hush; then a thin, wailing voice, the voice of a boy, shrilled: "A knife, a knife! O-oh!"

The nigger was on his feet again. He advanced to Richard, sprang and stabbed. The steel bit into the flesh of Richard's upraised defensive forearm, and tore.

Richard's next acute reality was a dozen hands tearing at his shoulders, a din of voices imploring him to "Let go , . . !"

Then his hands, bared of the gloves he knew not how, relaxed their clutch of the black man's throat, just in time to save Richard Selby from the crime of manslaughter. As it was, the would-be murderer lay unconscious, his cheeks like inflated bladders, blood oozing from his ears.

* * * * * * *

In Mark Gem's private sitting-room the three friends compared damages and sensations. Richard's wound was slight, though painful, and Jim had bandaged it with the dexterity of a surgeon.

"Holy smoke!" said Jim more than once. "What a peaceful, uneventful evening!"

"We're jolly lucky not to be in quod, the lot of us," said Richard, who felt as contented as a cat in the sunshine. "Doesn't matter for you. But a respectable citizen like me——"

Mark Gem interjected "Struth!"

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—Ed.]

THINGS A MAN CAN'T STAND.

A BRIEF CONSIDERATION OF THE INTOLERABLE, FROM A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

A woman will forgive a man practically anything except scorn of her charms.

He may be a brute and a blackguard; he may even be a coward and a skunk, but she will go on loving him. He may treat her badly, play the very dickens with her happiness, but she will forgive him, if he is her man. A woman will pardon almost any crime, literal or metaphorical, but there are many things that a man won't forgive another man.

Chief among those things that a man won't stand, I should place being "had," for there is nothing that riles the average man so much as being taken in.

You may beat a man in business, you may even ruin him, and he will bear you no grudge; he will probably respect you if he is a man, provided the fight has been fair and square. But trick him, make a fool of him, give him cause to regret having trusted you, and you make a life-long enemy.

Then, of course, a man can't stand bullying in any shape or form. A real man's sympathies are always with the under-dog, and nothing rouses his wrath so quickly as the sight of oppression.

A man can't stand "side," still less the man who boasts, particularly of his love-affairs.

A man can't stand personal uncleanliness. A man who goes about with dirty finger nails or a grimy neck is ostracised by decent men.

A man can't stand being made prominent or gushed over, which reminds me of a story of Mr. Louis Wain, the famous cat-artist. He was at an "At Home," and was talking to a friend when a gushing damsel came up and, taking a chair, said in a loud voice that could be heard all over the room: "Oh, Mr. Wain, don't let me interrupt, I just want to sit here, and silently worship you." Ten seconds later Wain was sprinting down the road.

Of course, there are some alleged men who like to be made a fuss of in public, but a true man doesn't; it makes him feel foolish and conspicuous, and these are things a man can't stand.

A man can't stand meanness. I have known men who were as pleased as Punch if they could get out of paying their round of drinks. They were foolish persons, for their meanness was seen through, and remembered against them.

A man can't stand hypocrisy. The Stigginses and Chadbands often "go down" with women, but never with men. A man simply can't stand the oily, psalm-singing humbug.

A man can't stand a prig. Any suspicion of self-righteousness, indeed, is enough to put a man's back up, and for good.

A man can't stand shoddy. Women rather love cheap finery, and think nothing of decking themselves in imitation jewellery, but a man would rather wear no jewellery at all than sham gems and gold.

Is it an exaggeration to say that the average Englishman can't stand another man in a railway carriage or at a restaurant table?

A man can't stand scenes, and few men can withstand a woman's tears. Women like a "crush"; men as a rule can't stand one.

Men can't stand mannish women, or girlish men.

One thing that no man can stand is to be called a cad or a coward by a woman.

If another man says a thing like that, you can punch his head, and you do it; but if a woman says it, you can only grind your teeth and keep quiet.

Some women know how this stings, and they use their knowledge to cruel advantage.

A man can't stand being preached at. You may slang him, and he'll forgive you, but take a preachy-preachy tone and he will loathe you for ever.

Most men can't stand being kept waiting for meals, and few men can stand being worried before breakfast.

A man will put up with rough fare, but he can't stand a dirty tablecloth.

A man can stand hard knocks, but he can't stand injustice. That, however, brings us back to the starting point.

There are all sorts of things a man can't stand, including actor-worship and Little Englanders, but the one thing that a man will never forget or forgive is being "had."

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SCRAPPERS I HAVE MET.

SOME MEN WHO ARE FREE WITH THEIR FISTS.

The average Irishman scraps for the sheer love of scrapping. He would as soon fight his best friend as anyone else, and any excuse is good enough for a scrap.

Such a one was my friend, Pat Molloy. He was not a bad-tempered man; on the contrary, his was a sunny nature, but he could no more resist starting or sharing in a row than an Irish terrier can keep out of a canine affray.

Pat was a journalist, and the tale still runs in Fleet-Street of how he once fought the editor of a daily newspaper. The circumstances were entirely characteristic of Patrick. Pat and the editor were drinking together, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, they were both pretty full when Pat's attention was attracted to an individual in the bar, obviously an actor, who, after the manner of the lesser fry of his kind, was showing off, singing snatches of songs and generally letting everybody know his profession.

Pat did not like actors, and he glared offensively at the mummer; so pointed was his stare that the alleged comedian came up to him and said haughtily: "Do you object to my presence in this bar, sir?"

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

"I do," said Pat, getting up from his stool, with the joyous light of battle in his eye.

The Thespian saw the danger signal and deemed discretion the better part of valour; anyway he changed his tone, and said, "Oh, come on, old chap, no need to be nasty. Have a drink with me."

"I don't drink with something scene shifters," retorted Patrick.

But the actor swallowed even that, and again invited Pat to have a drink. Pat was in a fickle mood, and this time he accepted the invitation. Just then the editor interposed.

"Pat," he said, "if you drink with that man I'll never speak to you again."

That was enough for Pat. Instantly he flared up.

"I drink with whom I like," he shouted.

"You're a d——d cad," said the editor.

"Ye'll fight?" asked Pat eagerly.

"Yes," said the editor, who was a short-tempered Scot, and was for fighting then and there. But Pat protested.

"No," he said, "we'll only get run in. We'll go down to the office."

THE RESULT.

I accompanied them to the office in a hansom, and they had it out in one round. Pat was a hurricane fighter, though he lacked stamina. On this occasion, however, Pat's rushing tactics succeeded, and a lucky punch knocked the editor senseless. To the latter's credit, be it said, his defeat made no difference in Pat's position as a contributor; indeed, if anything, Pat was henceforward more favoured than he had ever been before.

Pat Molloy loved scrapping, and he thoroughly enjoyed a fight from start to finish. A very difficult type was young Harry Elmslie.

He was a nervous, high-strung chap of almost womanish delicacy of feature and frame. But there was nothing effeminate about him when he was roused, as he would be by any intentional affront, though he was slow to take offence, or especially by any act of oppression or unkindness to the weak and helpless.

I once saw him tackle a burly brute of a drayman, who was mercilessly flogging an exhausted horse. The bully, to do him justice, was ready enough to fight, and I daresay he thought he had an easy job, when he saw Harry's face, as they squared up, for it was dead white save for a bright red spot on either cheek, and his lips trembled.

MIND V. MATTER.

Anyone not knowing Harry would have said that he was in a blue funk, and perhaps he was. Anyway he told me afterwards that then and whenever he was drawn into a shindy he was uncomfortable and nervous to the point of being sick. But mind triumphed over matter, and once he got going he enjoyed himself, though he said he was ashamed of doing so.

Not that he had a runaway victory over the drayman—it is only in penny novelettes that the ten-stone gentleman pounds the fourteen-stone cad into pulp without getting a scratch in return. No, Harry was badly punished, and it was only a rather lucky hook on the jaw that enabled him to put the drayman to sleep.

There are many men like Harry Elmslie; men who would much rather not fight; who are physically distressed by the thought of fighting, and are only saved from running away by their sense that *noblesse oblige*. But they are very dangerous fighters, for it is death or victory with them, and it is of such nervous, sensitive stuff that many V.C. heroes are made.

BULL-DOG METHODS.

The most dangerous man in a scrap I ever knew, however, was Mark Sowerby, a Yorkshireman, who was dangerous to a degree because he was so deceptive.

He was a big chap, but very simple and sleepy-looking. His wits, like his body, moved slowly; indeed, he seldom fought on his own account, but usually at the prompting of some superior intelligence, which told him he had got to fight, an order which he blindly obeyed.

He was great in town-and-gown affrays, and he was always tricky. The first few rounds or so it would look any odds on the other man, so slow and cumbersome were Mark's movements, but the tenth round would find him as strong as at the start, his leg-of-mutton fists shooting out like relentless pistons, and the longer the fight lasted the better for Mark.

His methods were terribly suggestive of a bull-dog patiently, stolidly mouthing and chewing up a foe, and the end was as much a foregone conclusion as when a bull-dog gets a fierce grip.

S. BURGIN.

RESULT OF SECOND COMPETITION.

As we pointed out last week, our readers have shown very plainly that they do not want competitions. As soon as the entries proved this we withdrew the feature, but we shall, of course, continue to print the results till the four competitions have been dealt with.

The total money sent in for the second Sporting Competition was only £2 6s. 6d. Instead of deducting any commission for expenses, we have added 4s. 6d. to facilitate division. According to the rules governing the second competition, half this sum goes to three winners in the proportion of 50, 20 and 10, and the rest is divided in consolation prizes of 5s. each. The following competitors have therefore received the following prizes:

Mr. R. M. Buchanan, Bellairs, Killiney, County Dublin, 15s. (May England's highest Modern Man, the King, be the first winner owner.) Mr. C. E. Haines, Graham Hou Morris Street, Swindon, 6s. (The first to the winning post is not always the winn Mr. H. J. Gerrin, 17, Warstone Villas, worth, Birmingham, 5s. (Wanted by system which will guarantee winning at odds.) Consolation prizes of 5s. each sent to Mr. J. H. Collins, 23, Ennerd derland; Mr. H. Cook, Staff H.M. Pris chester; Mr. A. P. Browne, 20, Street, Oldham; Mr. R. A. Paul, Schoo Ledbury, Herefordshire; Mr. W. A. Smea Hutcheson Street, Glasgow.

ANOTHER REMINDER.

You will find the third page of the cover to week interesting as well as profitable.

Have you made use of that page yet? If not do so this week.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

s column the Editor, his staff and contributors, endeavour r all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is . Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed should be enclosed.]

. (Newcastle).—Your wish will shortly be ed, for the Editor is already making gements for his photograph to be published LTURIST" (Middlesbrough).—In rubbing exercise, the motion should be up and but always working towards the heart. . (Glasgow).—Drop cigarettes for a bit you are training and smoke a pipe. One efore mid-day and one in the evening will likely to do you much harm, but of course be necessary for you to knock off tobacco ther.

K. (York).—Your difficulty is one enced by most novices in boxing; and the why you find it hard to move back quickly id a blow, is that you are standing too y on your feet. You ought to stand lightly, to spring in any direction. The best way quire the knack of it is to dance about you are sparring, almost as if you were bricks. As soon as you find ease of move- you can of course modify your style.

. (Leeds).—Don't go to the expense of tak- season ticket for leaving your bicycle railway station. There is always some- ving beside the station who will look after you for half-a-sovereign or so a year. Very the station-master himself will allow you ble it at this figure in one of his own pri- sheds.

A. (Coventry).—Like many another, you been bitten through buying plants by post. generally wisest to buy both plants and from a reliable local dealer; failing that, hould be careful not to deal with a firm in articular line unless it is recommended to someone who knows it.

W. (Durham).—Do not resign yourself to ng a wrist strap all your life. Wear it by eans while you are actually doing hard with the wrist, but take it off when you oing through your exercises, and give l attention to the wrist, moving it gently ery direction and doing simple gripping ses. Under this treatment the wrist will bly get strong enough for you to drop the altogether.

L. S. (Lincoln).—The law of trespass is a problem, but if you are fond of night ies in the woods by far your best plan is to an occasional drink to the local game- rs. When they know that you do not carry and that you are a decent chap, they will nterfere with you.

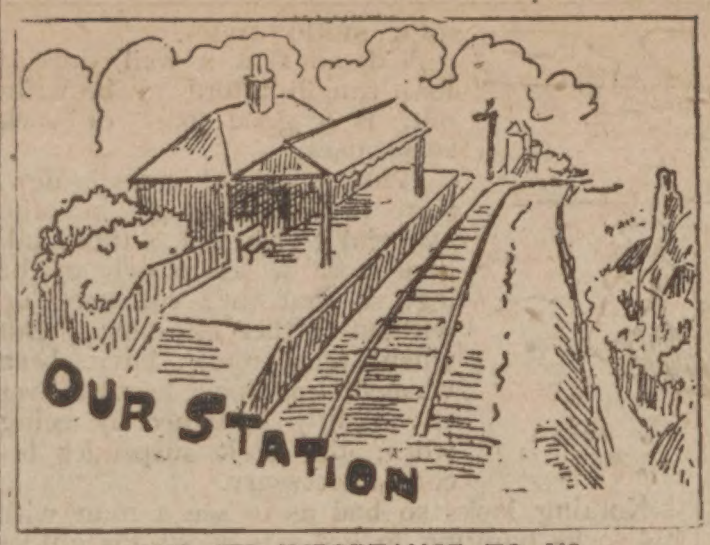
H. (Birmingham).—It is certainly smarter ve no toe-caps on the boots you wear with uniform. In fact some corps insist upon although it is usually a matter left to the of the men. With puttees, the boot without -cap certainly looks better than the other

S. (Peterhead).—For your purpose, an lene lamp is not so good as the ordinary le lamp, as you are riding in the dark only short distance. To secure the best results, necessary with most acetylene lamps to have refilled every time they are used, and they ld therefore be reserved for fairly long neys.

M. (Shrewsbury).—Nose machines are cer- y useful for correcting a slight defect in the l formation, but before using one you should our local doctor, as machines can only alter shape of the cartilage and not that of the .

T. C. (Maidenhead).—We have already said one should not rely on physical culture for ure of spinal curvature without consulting a or first.

M. (Southgate).—Write the articles anyhow like, in pencil or pen, and on any size of r; so long as you put brains into them and e on one side of the paper only, they shall our best consideration.



AND ITS IMPORTANCE TO US.

It is the centre of whatever life is stirring in our isolated community. By it we are hitched on to the rest of the world, and kept from sheer stagnation, and its activities, intermittent though they are, radiate through the village and the surrounding hamlets a certain amount of interest and movement without which we should indeed be dull.

The staff consists of three men. There is first the stationmaster, still a comparatively young man, though he has worked his way up through all the grades from that of porter.

His house adjoins the line, and its neatly kept garden proclaims him a keen lover of flowers and a thrifty man withal, for there are few inches of his kitchen garden that are not producing their fair burden of vegetables.

He has an absorbing interest in cricket and spends half his leisure in summer in arranging matches with neighbouring villages, and in beating up the team on Saturday afternoons.

He has ample leisure, for we have but three trains "up" and three "down" every week day, and only one on Sunday. His two assistants are much younger men, practically at the beginning of their careers.

Between the three of them the work of the little station is fairly equally divided. The traffic is as heavy in miscellaneous goods as it is in passengers. Hardly a train draws up with a satisfied blow, after climbing the sharp incline, that does not bring a dozen or two parcels of merchandise of an infinite variety.

There are the morning papers for a fortunate few able to afford such luxuries. They are sent hither by an early train from the nearest town, and those for whom they are intended are usually at the station, in traps or on bicycles, waiting to carry the morning's news away.

When the train has taken a leisurely departure, the platform is strewn with a strange heap of goods which are sorted out by the porters with the help of the expectant consignees.

A consignment of spades and other gardening implements lies awaiting the messenger from the local ironmonger's and general dealer's shop.

Rose trees, well wrapped up with bass, and labelled "With great care: deliver immediately," come from a world renowned nursery for the latest arrival in the district who is determined to do the proper thing as a man of independent means is bound to do.

There are "returned empty" egg-boxes for the poultry farmers who abound in the district, and milk cans are rolled out of the guard's van night and mornings on their journeys to and from the dairy farm.

At rare intervals our local coal merchant and corn chandler receives a truck load of coal from the pits, and then for half a day there is much shovelling.

Very early in the evening the station goes to sleep.

By seven o'clock in winter and a little later in summer the work of the day is over.

The last train has been safely sent on its way; the great gates of the level crossing are swung open to the road traffic; and the wind calls forth a musical humming sound from the telegraph wires through the long nights. L. JOHNSTON.

FAMOUS TERRITORIAL CORPS.

IX. THE R.A.M.C.

Under the Volunteer system only a few Bearer Companies existed as a nucleus for the Territorial Royal Army Medical Corps, so that practically all its units are new.

In spite of this, however, many of them are already at full strength, the Field Ambulances having proved especially attractive. Although they are, like all the other working branches of the force, still lamentably in want of proper equipment and headquarters, the units of the R.A.M.C. (T.) are by no means behindhand in efficiency, considering their mushroom growth.

The corps is divided into four kinds of units. There are first Mounted Brigade Field Ambulances and ordinary Field Ambulances, of which the former at full strength consist of 109 of all ranks, and the latter of 230 each.

The Field Ambulances are each composed of three divisions—the Bearer Division, which actually collects the wounded, the Tent Division, which renders first aid, and the Transport, which supplies the two former with wagons for the wounded and for equipment.

The remaining units of the corps are General Hospitals, which form the base, and Sanitary Companies, whose work is various and technical, but invaluable, for disease is often more to be feared by an army in the field or by a garrison than all the attacks of the enemy. Yet such companies exist in the armies of no other nation.

Attached to each General Hospital are a matron and a number of staff nurses, so that it will be seen that as far as organisation and readiness to take the field at short notice are concerned, the R.A.M.C. (T.) is far ahead of the few isolated companies available before last year.

Anyone who has any conception of the conditions of modern warfare, must realise the importance of a proper organisation of the medical and nursing service, of the transport of the sick, and of medical comforts and supplies. And anyone who has read Sir Frederick Treves's account of life with a Field Hospital, knows how sadly deficient were our arrangements before the Boer War.

With a properly organised R.A.M.C., Regular as well as Territorial, we shall start fair next time. But it remains for the women of the country to come forward and do their share by learning the rudiments of first aid. Much has still to be done by way of developing the Territorial nursing service, and though the Ladies' Nursing Yeomanry Corps is anxious to gain recognition and take its part, its methods are a little too reminiscent of the Suffragette to appeal to the War Office or the British Public.

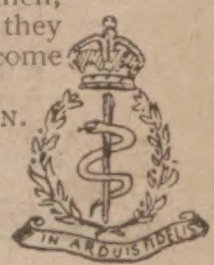
There is no display or glamour about R.A.M.C. work, at any rate in war time. It is a grim job, needing a man with the pluck of a hero as well as the tenderness of a woman, for he often has to work under fire, in spite of the red cross on his arm, and gets no chance to answer back.

The badge of the Territorial R.A.M.C., as also that of the Regulars, shows the serpent entwined about a rod, which is the emblem of Aesculapius, the ancient god of healing. Their uniform is smart if somewhat sombre, being of dark blue with facings of a dull cherry colour.

The R.A.M.C. units, most of which undergo their annual training during the end of July and the beginning of August, are in many cases attached to permanent military hospitals, while others perform the medical duties which are necessary even in peace time, on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere.

Perhaps the greater efficiency of the R.A.M.C. than many units of the same age, is due in no small measure to the mental calibre of the men, for every man in the "Linseed Lancers," as they are affectionately called, who wants to become a sergeant, must be a qualified dispenser.

E. BROWN.



OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BATHING COSTUMES.

At many seaside places there are regulations in vogue which insist on bathers wearing what is commonly called a "university costume," or one of close-fitting thin material, reaching up to the shoulders.

These costumes are worn by all the great swimmers, professional and amateur, and undoubtedly look much better than the small triangle which just complies with the demands of decency.

The full costume, if made of the proper material—stockinette, I believe it is called—does not interfere at all with the freedom of the limbs, though if it be of serge, as I have sometimes found those supplied by bathing-machine proprietors to be, it will of course hamper the movements considerably.

Many costumes have buttons which are made of discs of metal covered with stuff.

These should be avoided, if possible, in the first instance, or at least the buttons should be changed for pearl or bone ones.

After a very little use the metal in the buttons will rust and wear through its covering.

But, not content with this, it will also cause holes to appear in other parts of the garment with which it comes into contact when put away.

Before the costume is put away for any length of time, the salt water should be washed out of it.

STRAW HAT BRIMS.

It is pleasant to see that the prevailing width of straw hat brim this year is of more use from a practical point of view than the ridiculously narrow one which was in vogue not long ago.

The brim of a straw hat, which is essentially a summer head-covering, should certainly be broad enough to shade the eyes from the sun.

There seems to be no regular fashion this year as to the width of the brim, but one is free to choose a broad or medium one according to fancy.

I have seen some brims recently which must have been fully four inches in breadth, but these appear out of place on a man, and look as if he was trying to emulate the Merry Widow.

TO REMOVE INK-STAINS.

I have previously recommended benzine as a most effective method of cleaning clothes, but when it comes to dealing with ink-stains, benzine is powerless.

There is no occasion to despair of being able to remove them, however. All you need is a pennyworth of oxalic acid, which can be obtained from any chemist.

This should be dissolved in about a quarter of a pint of water, and applied to the stain with a clean piece of rag, with which the material should be rubbed.

If the stain is not a very serious one, and has not penetrated far into the cloth, this treatment ought to be effective in removing it.

Beware of applying the acid too strong, as it may injure the cloth.

Salts of lemon are sometimes recommended as a means of removing ink-stains, but they are not nearly as effective as oxalic acid.

Salts of lemon, however, are much the best medium for taking out fruit stains from tablecloths, handkerchiefs and such things; and, as I have already described on this page, they may be used to effect in cleaning straw hats.

Another use for oxalic acid is for cleaning military buttons. The average Tommy uses a mixture of oxalic acid and French chalk.

SOCK SUSPENDERS.

A detail that a well dressed man can ill afford to be without, is a good pair of sock suspenders.

When a pair of socks is new, there is something in the material which makes them adhere more or less closely to the leg, so that they will keep up without further assistance. But when once they have been washed, and have become ever so slightly stretched by being worn, the sock suspender becomes necessary.

Nothing looks so bad as to see a man with his socks hanging in festoons about his ankles or to see a hiatus when he pulls up his trousers on sitting down.

The neatest type of suspender is one with a cord and pulley arrangement, which works on the same principle as certain makes of braces, while a band of elastic goes round the leg above the calf.

This may be rather irksome at first to the man who is used to absolute freedom, but the feeling of being "braced up" that the fact of having your socks kept always in place can give, soon counteracts this.

It is a common expression to tell a fellow to "pull up his socks," and ridiculous as it may seem, I believe that one feels somehow more of a man after doing so literally, as well as metaphorically.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

The time was not so very long ago when the only alternatives to wool, as a material for underwear, were silk, which from its costliness was out of the reach of most, or some form of cotton material which was inviting neither in appearance or feel.

Nowadays it is possible to get any article of underclothing in a material which to the touch and eye, at least of the inexperienced, is almost indistinguishable from silk, but which in the matter of price is within the reach of the most modest means.

It is correctly called, I believe, mercerised cotton.

The process to which the cotton is subjected was discovered by John Mercer some fifty years ago, and caustic soda and hot rollers play a great part in its production.

Mercerised cotton underwear is undoubtedly the best for summer wear, being thin and light, and not irritating the skin in any way.

LUGGAGE.

I have heard it said that you can judge a man from his luggage, and there is a lot of truth in the remark.

It is true that many men travel so seldom that a large outlay on trunks and bags seems wasted. But if you make a point of getting strong and well made goods in the beginning, they should last your lifetime.

A saddler can always renovate a trunk or portmanteau, if it is made of good leather in the first instance, so that it looks almost as good as new.

But apart from the importance of having luggage that looks neat and smart, it is naturally desirable to choose some form of receptacle in which you can pack your clothes with the least possible harm to them.

It is advisable to have something that you can pack your coats in without folding them across, and a large rectangular suit case seems the best.

It is a great mistake to have a large portmanteau which you cannot carry yourself.

Often they are made so enormous that porters suffer serious injuries from lifting them. American visitors are usually great offenders in this respect.

But by having two or three moderate-sized packages you can accommodate the bulk of your luggage to the amount you want to pack in it.

THE COAT CASE.

A very useful article of luggage, which all the strength and durability of a trunk, together with the elasticity of a stone bag, is that known in the trade as a case.

It is usually made like a stout portmanteau or suit case, with one handle in front. The lid is made on the concertina principle straps over the top, so that it can expand necessary, to take in an extra amount of clothes.

The coat case is perhaps a little heavy itself, owing to the stout leather of which it is made, but it will last much longer than a stone. It will take suits without any unnecessary folding, such as they have to be subjected to to get them into a kit bag or smaller case.

POCKETS.

A small point that may nevertheless make a great difference to your comfort if you remember to give your tailor instructions before he cuts a suit for you, is the number and position of your pockets.

Personally I insist on having as many pockets as can well be crowded into a suit. This makes it possible to distribute the various articles that a man must carry about with him all over his person so that the set of his clothes is not spoilt by the bulging of the pockets.

Also it enables one to shift them from one pocket to another from time to time, so saving the permanent sagging of the cloth at that point.

The smoker will find it advisable to have his hip pocket put in at one side of his trousers, but not at both, for these make far too handy receptacles for the cigarette case and tobacco pouch. Here they are hidden from sight by the loose skirt of the jacket, while if they are carried in the side pockets of the coat they spoil the shape of the figure.

For the same reason four waistcoat pockets should be insisted on, for articles carried in them will not appear unsightly.

The handkerchief pocket retired inside the coat some years ago—though the cuff is recommended as a receptacle to those who do not wish to spoil the set of their jacket—and now the ticket pocket has followed it there, so that the two side pockets remain outside.

These are now often made with a curved opening, either with or without a flap, and this gives a certain added smartness.

For the country sportsman a large "poacher's pocket" cut in the lining of the jacket and extending all round the skirt, is most useful, and it may be worth the town-dweller's while to have one put in also. It will carry notebooks, papers and what not, that are too bulky to go into any of the other pockets, and that with the least damage to the shape of the coat.

COAT HANGERS.

If boot trees are a necessity to the keeping of the boots in trim, there is no doubt that a coat hanger is essential to the retaining of the proper shape of the coat.

It is a simple affair and need not cost more than a couple of pence. It consists of a piece of wood into the centre of which is fixed a wire hook.

If you have a wardrobe in which you can hang your coats, you are fortunate. The trousers and waistcoats are better kept in a drawer, that they may be kept as flat as possible.

But coats are very apt to be spoilt by being put away folded in a drawer, as the set of the collar may be lost; and it is equally bad to hang them up for any length of time by the loop at the back.

By means of a coat hanger the shoulders of the collar can be kept in shape, but the coat should be pulled out of the sleeves before the hanger is hung up. A very neat kind of hanger may be got, either of wood or metal, made so as to fold into a very small compass, and this is useful for taking with you when you travel, or for using away when not in use.

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There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London.

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DRESS.

Wanted.—Breeches and Leggings; well-worn; cheap; waist 31.—Box 760, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Smart black Coat, Vest, Cashmere Trousers; excellent condition; chest 34, waist 32, leg 31½; 15s. Light Flannel Trousers, 4s. 6d.—Box 758, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—35s. 6d.; Grey flannel Coat and Trousers; 33½ breast, 30½ inside leg; never worn; suddenly in mourning; 22s. 6d.—Charles H. Blackburn, 16, Gisburn Street, Skipton, Yorks.

Pair Strong Brown Boots.—Nines; hand sewn; good condition; cost 25s.; price 10s. 6d. Check Tweed Breeches.—Waist 34ins.; suit tall man; as new; cost 30s.; price 15s.—Box 767, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fawn Riding Breeches and Spring Leggings, 15s.—Box 765, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Suit complete; also Coat and Vest and Fancy Trousers; fit man 37 chest; also 4 pairs boots, size 7, 25s. the lot; too cheap for approval.—Box 778, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Hand Camera; ¼ plate; 12 slides; 3 dishes; time and instantaneous shutters; price 17s. 6d.; a bargain.—Box 773, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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For Sale.—Sandow's Developer; pair Seven-spring Dumb-bells; nearly new; 7s. 6d. each or offers.—Box 764, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Wanted.—Rob Roy Canoe; good repair; cheap. Write particulars.—Farmer, Bank, Redcar.

Offers wanted.—Pair 12s. 6d. spring grip dumbells, charts; new.—Box 730, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Wanted.—Bed-sitting Room; North London; full board.—State terms to Box 788, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Barnes' Commentary New Testament (new); 11 vols.; cost 38s. 6d.; take 12s. 6d. Thought Force; 2s.; cost 5s. How to become an Estate Agent; 3s. 6d.; cost 10s. 6d.—S. Gratrix, Doddington, March.

For Sale.—22 parts "London Town: Past and Present"; unbound; what offers?—Box 776, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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STAMPS.

Stamps.—Collection catalogued £4; what offers? Also Field Glasses; 12s. 6d.; take 5s.—F. Campbell, 1, Millar Street, Paisley.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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